

JUNE 4, 1956

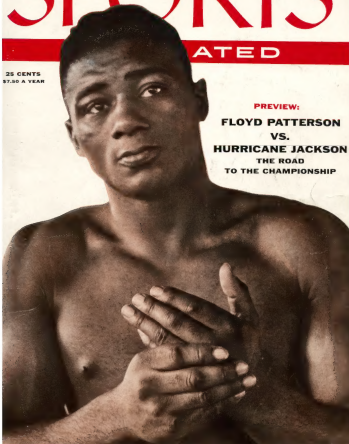
SPORTS

ATED

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

PREVIEW:

**FLOYD PATTERSON
VS.
HURRICANE JACKSON
THE ROAD
TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP**





HE BRIBED THE UMP

with wash-and-wear sport shirt and slacks made with Acrilan

McGregor's new Italian-inspired sport shirt and slacks are smart, cool, and practical. The shirt leads a double life: the Tempo convertible collar looks correct either open or closed. The slacks keep their press even through hot, muggy days thanks to Acrilan acrylic fiber. And Acrilan also makes both sport shirt and slacks cool and comfortable on your skin. It makes them wash wonderfully and drip-dry needing little if any ironing. Makes them look and feel luxurious. On Father's Day, this is what to ask for — new sportswear made with Acrilan! styled by **McGREGOR**

FOR STORE NEAREST YOU, SEE LISTING IN NINETEENTH HOLE SECTION
FABRICS BY MALLINSON: SPORT SHIRT, 100% ACRILAN ACRYLIC FIBER; SLACKS, A BLEND OF ACRILAN AND OTHER MAN-MADE FIBERS.
THE CHEMISTRAND CORPORATION, 200 Park Ave., N.Y. 10022; ACRILAN® MARKETING CORPORATION, 400 Main Street, New Haven, Conn. 06510.

B.F. Goodrich



Traction Express tires roll up 138,000 miles before recaps, truck operator reports

LAWRENCE TRANSPORTATION trucks roll out of India to deliver produce throughout California. "100,000 miles from drive-wheel tires hauling on the hot roads of the southwest has always been my wish," Frank R. Lawrence notes, "but not a reality until I tried B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires."

The Traction Express tires above were photographed just before being removed for recapping after 138,000

miles of service. "Needless to say," Lawrence continues, "as replacement tires are needed on any of my 20 units, B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires will get my vote."

B. F. Goodrich builds the Traction Express with a tread that's up to 40% thicker than the tread of a regular tire. Cured cleats grip the highway to defy skids. And, if you choose, you can get the Traction Express with the

B. F. Goodrich all-steel cord body. Nylon webstands double the impact of ordinary materials, resists their blowouts and tire breaks. No wonder the all-steel Traction Express body outwears even the extra-thick road, *can be recapped over and over!*

Extra-long-life Traction Express tires are available in either all-steel or nylon construction at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's. Or write B. F. Goodrich Tire & Equipment Company, a Division of The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks or trailers

FREE SAFETY REFLECTOR

when you join the Safe Driver League
Sponsored by B. F. Goodrich

Sign the safe driving pledge at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's. Show the President's Committee for Traffic Safety you're out to make our highways safer.



ROODERS MOTOR UNITS, INC., Scranton, Pa., owns 175 units, reports BFG all-steel Traction Express tires have been recapped twice.



Your B. F. Goodrich retailer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book

Easiest-to-Use OF ALL OPEN-FACE REELS!



Shakespeare
OPEN-FACE
WONDER-SPIN

FOR
"Touch-and-Go"
FINGERTIP OPERATION



JUST TOUCH THE FACE... BACK-UP CRANK... PUTS LINE AT FINGERTIP—READY TO GO

So much more—almost automatic! Only two simple motions: Touch the face of the reel, then back-up the crank. The line automatically feeds against your fingertip. No grasping for the line... no fumbling with a bail or hook.

Only Shakespeare Wonder-Spin, of all open-face reels, has such clean, simple lines. Nothing required to feel the line, stop or night! The 4-to-1 gear ratio permits fast retrieval. Large knurled ring permits adjustment of the anti-scratch drag, even while fighting a fish. Non-reverse click, and *level-wind*!

No. 1700, factory-filled with 100 yds. of 4-lb. Westland Super Monofilament

No. 1700 from local dealer \$17.95

Free! NOW FREE "TIPS AND TRICKS" BOOK—FREE WITH POCKET FISHING CALENDAR

Learn more Gold Tips, 4 new books, check ways to fish, where to find 'em, and tackle for:
SPINNING • BAIT CASTING
JUG FISHING • TROT WATER



SHAKESPEARE COMPANY

Box 104, Richmond, Mass.
Please send me No. 1700 "100" and "TIPS" booklets and free fishing guide fishing calendar.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

FOLLOWING the National Headliners Club Award to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** for Boxing's Dirty Business, which I mentioned in our March 28 issue, other awards have been coming SI's way in quick succession.

In April, at the world's largest press photography competition, sponsored by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and the National Press Photographers Association, SI's Hy Peskin won first prize in sports for *Fighter of the Year*, Mark Kaufman an honorable mention for *Box Rated In*.



FIGHT PRIZE



HONORABLE MENTION

In May, *Boxing's Dirty Business* scored again—with the University of Illinois' Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award. The citation: "For the most distinguished magazine writing involving original reporting in which serious obstacles had to be overcome, published in an American magazine of general circulation."

Only last week E. P. Dutton & Co. announced and published the results of their 12th annual competition in *Best Sports Stories—1958*, included the *CONVERSATION PRIZE* by Dick Young on Preacher Roe, *The Outlawed Spittell*,



ARCHIE MOORE AND SYMPATHIZER



BOOM-BOOM CARTERSON

and two SI photographs: Kaufman's at ringside, Archie Froeh a *Sympathizer*, and Peskin's at ringside, *Boom-Boom Gene Benson*.

Also last week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, most honored with awards it had received, was happy to be able to hand out some of its own (see page 58).

Harry Phillips



COVER: FLOYD PATTERSON
 Photograph by Mark Kaufman

Floyd Floyd Patterson (SI, Jan. 28, 1956) is very likely the most dangerous fighter in the heavyweight division since the retirement of Rocky Marciano. Just turned 31 in January, he expects to knock out Hurricane Jackson, ranked No. 3, in their June 8 fight and then go on to become the youngest ever to win the title. For a preview of this important elimination fight at Madison Square Garden, see page 32.

Advertisements on page 44

All rights reserved under
 International and the American
 Copyright Conventions
 Copyright © 1956 by Time Inc.

DAVE SIME: SUPERMAN IN SPIKES	9
<i>Why Duke's great sprinter is the winter look favorite for two Olympic tries. By ROY TOMLIN.</i>	
SPECTACLE: BLUE JAY VERSUS OWL	12
<i>Nature's rarest clash in ever battle. By JOHN O'BRIEN, pictured in COLOR by DAVID GOODMAN</i>	
THE BIGGEST ELEPHANT EVER SHOT	28
<i>A record giant, he was tracked down by JOSE PEREZONI who describes the hunt for the first time</i>	
PREVIEW: THE PATTERSON-JACKSON FIGHT	32
<i>MARTIN KANE picks Patterson by a knockout. With drawings by ROBERT RIGGS</i>	
THE FATHER OF THE FLY ROD	70
<i>Hiram Leonard set a world standard for collecting 75 years ago. By SPANER GARY HICKLE</i>	

THE DEPARTMENTS

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES	37	Hottbox: JIMMY BEMAL asks: If all the countries in the world were organized into a sports league, which sport should be chosen?	4
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT	38	Baseball: ROBERT CREAMER explains why the Indians are the perennial bridesmaids	46
SCOREBOARD	39	Tip from the Top: GEORGE CARVERAN points out the advantages of a winter stance for women	47
COMING EVENTS	39	Sea Tants: ROBERT N. BAYTER JR. tries out a new version of the all-popular outboard runabout	48
THE OUTDOOR WEEK	54	Horse Racing: WHITNEY TOWER takes a look at the betting picture and offers some advice	50
THE 19TH HOLE	62	Dogs: ALICE HICKINS describes the brilliant Morris and Essex show and its upset winner	52
PAT ON THE BACK	64	Sporting Looks: Jo ARDEN reports the first annual Sportswear Design Awards and tells about the winners: Claire McCardell and Paul Georghiou	56
		Sport in Art: The second in SI's series of private club collections: The University Club of Washington, D.C. in three pages in COLOR	70



IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PREVIEW: THE U.S. OPEN

Herbert Warren Wind reviews the details of the classic; with maps of the course and a look at Old Pro Sam Snead

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE IS THROUGH

So says James Murray, formulator of Murray's Law, which holds that in baseball's historic cycle this is the National's era



HOTBOX



The Questions

If all the countries in the world were organized into a sports league, which sport should be chosen? (Asked at the Dominican Republic World's Fair for Peace and Brotherhood of the Free World.)

WILLIAM T. PROFFER

U.S. Ambassador to Dominican Republic



More countries would be able and disposed to compete at tennis because, of all the universal sports, tennis most nearly lends it-

self to mass participation in virtually every country of the world. By way of aside, it may be said that the tennis net crosses the world.

MARQUES DE WERRY DEL VAL

Spanish Ambassador to Dominican Republic



The sport must be one that creates tremendous excitement. Golf is played universally, but that would not do. It's too quiet. I think baseball is the game. Our people have played baseball only a short time. Even so, Spain won the European championship in 1933.

COUNT ALBERTO BARRABICH

Italian Ambassador to Dominican Republic



I believe that most nations would prefer to compete against each other in soccer. This game is played everywhere and it attracts great crowds. My guess is that a winter sport would be the second choice and tennis would be a good third choice for universal competition.

ANGEL ALAMO RAMBA

Venezuelan Ambassador to Dominican Republic



Baseball, because it is the national sport of the U.S. All the countries would want to compete with your country in its national pastime. It would be a challenge and we love baseball, too. We have most excellent players like Alfonso Carrasquel of the Cleveland Indians.

LI CHANG

Nationalist Chinese Ambassador to Dominican Republic



Basketball. The game, which Americans originated, has spread all over the world. It is played everywhere in Nationalist China. Our best team toured the U.S. and Latin American countries last year. Height may be a problem for us, but we can make up for it with speed.

DR. GUENTHER REINHARD

West German Ambassador to Dominican Republic



Either some form of football, perhaps soccer, baseball or tennis. Personally, I would prefer tennis, a very skillful game, but it does not lend itself to huge crowds. Soccer and baseball do. In Europe, we are becoming more and more skillful playing baseball.

LIEUT. GEN. WILLIAM B. HARRISON

U.S. Army Commander-in-Chief Caribbean Command



Of course I can't be sure, but I suspect it will be some form of football. The game might well be a combination of American

football and soccer. Newspapers report that 48 nations, including Russia, will compete for the 1968 world soccer championship in Sweden.

HOBLEY B. BURNET

Chargé d'Affaires Canadian Embassy Dominican Republic



Golf. It's certainly the most played game in the whole world. It's also better known and understood by more people than any other

sport. As a team sport it can be highly competitive. Furthermore, golf is a game that would help create international good will.

THOMAS C. RAYMOND

British Ambassador to Dominican Republic



Soccer, undoubtedly. Unlike baseball, this game is played in every country. Not only does it draw tremendous crowds, sometimes in excess of 100,000, but it creates great drama. A partisan crowd has been known to burn down a stadium when its team lost.

continued on page 8



Take
hazards
in your stride
with
U. S. Royals

...their new high-tension winding keeps your tension low!

Occasional bad strokes of luck have you muttering unprintables? Relax! That's a U. S. Royal Golf Ball you're playing. Meaning: A revolutionary new golf ball that puts explosive power at your command. Explosive power that comes from one power-packed, high-energy rubber thread—wound electronically under high tension, with more windings per ball. Explosive power that comes from a core center filled with Liquid Silicone, the world's liveliest substance. This all gives U. S. Royals instant snap-back for greater punch... gives you that sweet "click" and feel on every shot. Also new—the improved Callwell Cover. It's super-rugged, thinner, to shrug off hairy hoves and fight off scampers and cuts. Washes "like new" again and again. Summation: You smooth out the rough with U. S. Royals!

U. S. Royals comes in 2 cover designs—the new exclusive Diamond cover marking and the popular dimple design. For the best all-around economy ball, try the U. S. Fairway or the U. S. Noddy.

Sold **ONLY** through golf professionals' shops!



United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.



**play it
smart in**

White Stag

**PATIO
POPLIN**

You're tailored for action, or carefree ease — in White Stag's cool cotton Patio Poplin. Notice, both slacks and Bermuda shorts have smart detachable half-belts...slacks are pre-cuffed, need no alteration. In it, washable, style-bright hues that belong in your casual world. Sanforized.

Swatkins Short	5.95
Half-Belt Slacks	7.95
Masters Short	4.95
Bermuda Shorts	4.50

W.S.

It's a Casual World in **White Stag**

White Stag Mfg. Co., Portland, Ore.

JIMMY JEMAL

continued from page 4

HARRY SCOTT



Cambodian Ambassador
in Cuba

I'm inclined to say no, but I'm not too sure. It could be hockey. I have my judgment on the tremendous hockey rivalry in the Olympics which Russia won and which received most publicity. The American colleges are competing more and more in hockey and are making it a major sport.

PRINCE HUMPHREY BURGESS



Asst. Gen. Manager
International Hotel
Chain

Horse racing would be my choice. The sport is international. It has more fans in every country than any other sport. Horse racing has been a universal sport since the beginning of civilization. It used to be known as "The Sport of Kings." Now it's the king of sports.

MANUEL A. DE MORA



Dominican Republic
Secretary of State
without portfolio

If in the various countries baseball were to be played, this sport would have, because of its immense popularity, the preference for such wide competition. The strong and deep emotions it elicits however can make them feel that they are a part of the game themselves.

NEXT WEEK:

As a college athletic director,
what is your biggest headache?

100

Publisher H. H. St. Phillips Jr.
Advertising Manager William W. Holmes

Michael J. Long, *Harvard U.S. 4 and 4 and U.S. Presidents except Hiram and Grover*, 197-198. He is awarded admittance to studies and Harvard, 79, 100-101, 114. *Editorial observations*, 197-198. *Index*, 199-200. *Notes*, 201-202. *Notes on the text*, 203-204. *Notes on the text*, 205-206. *Notes on the text*, 207-208. *Notes on the text*, 209-210. *Notes on the text*, 211-212. *Notes on the text*, 213-214. *Notes on the text*, 215-216. *Notes on the text*, 217-218. *Notes on the text*, 219-220. *Notes on the text*, 221-222. *Notes on the text*, 223-224. *Notes on the text*, 225-226. *Notes on the text*, 227-228. *Notes on the text*, 229-230. *Notes on the text*, 231-232. *Notes on the text*, 233-234. *Notes on the text*, 235-236. *Notes on the text*, 237-238. *Notes on the text*, 239-240. *Notes on the text*, 241-242. *Notes on the text*, 243-244. *Notes on the text*, 245-246. *Notes on the text*, 247-248. *Notes on the text*, 249-250. *Notes on the text*, 251-252. *Notes on the text*, 253-254. *Notes on the text*, 255-256. *Notes on the text*, 257-258. *Notes on the text*, 259-260. *Notes on the text*, 261-262. *Notes on the text*, 263-264. *Notes on the text*, 265-266. *Notes on the text*, 267-268. *Notes on the text*, 269-270. *Notes on the text*, 271-272. *Notes on the text*, 273-274. *Notes on the text*, 275-276. *Notes on the text*, 277-278. *Notes on the text*, 279-280. *Notes on the text*, 281-282. *Notes on the text*, 283-284. *Notes on the text*, 285-286. *Notes on the text*, 287-288. *Notes on the text*, 289-290. *Notes on the text*, 291-292. *Notes on the text*, 293-294. *Notes on the text*, 295-296. *Notes on the text*, 297-298. *Notes on the text*, 299-300. *Notes on the text*, 301-302. *Notes on the text*, 303-304. *Notes on the text*, 305-306. *Notes on the text*, 307-308. *Notes on the text*, 309-310. *Notes on the text*, 311-312. *Notes on the text*, 313-314. *Notes on the text*, 315-316. *Notes on the text*, 317-318. *Notes on the text*, 319-320. *Notes on the text*, 321-322. *Notes on the text*, 323-324. *Notes on the text*, 325-326. *Notes on the text*, 327-328. *Notes on the text*, 329-330. *Notes on the text*, 331-332. *Notes on the text*, 333-334. *Notes on the text*, 335-336. *Notes on the text*, 337-338. *Notes on the text*, 339-340. *Notes on the text*, 341-342. *Notes on the text*, 343-344. *Notes on the text*, 345-346. *Notes on the text*, 347-348. *Notes on the text*, 349-350. *Notes on the text*, 351-352. *Notes on the text*, 353-354. *Notes on the text*, 355-356. *Notes on the text*, 357-358. *Notes on the text*, 359-360. *Notes on the text*, 361-362. *Notes on the text*, 363-364. *Notes on the text*, 365-366. *Notes on the text*, 367-368. *Notes on the text*, 369-370. *Notes on the text*, 371-372. *Notes on the text*, 373-374. *Notes on the text*, 375-376. *Notes on the text*, 377-378. *Notes on the text*, 379-380. *Notes on the text*, 381-382. *Notes on the text*, 383-384. *Notes on the text*, 385-386. *Notes on the text*, 387-388. *Notes on the text*, 389-390. *Notes on the text*, 391-392. *Notes on the text*, 393-394. *Notes on the text*, 395-396. *Notes on the text*, 397-398. *Notes on the text*, 399-400. *Notes on the text*, 401-402. *Notes on the text*, 403-404. *Notes on the text*, 405-406. *Notes on the text*, 407-408. *Notes on the text*, 409-410. *Notes on the text*, 411-412. *Notes on the text*, 413-414. *Notes on the text*, 415-416. *Notes on the text*, 417-418. *Notes on the text*, 419-420. *Notes on the text*, 421-422. *Notes on the text*, 423-424. *Notes on the text*, 425-426. *Notes on the text*, 427-428. *Notes on the text*, 429-430. *Notes on the text*, 431-432. *Notes on the text*, 433-434. *Notes on the text*, 435-436. *Notes on the text*, 437-438. *Notes on the text*, 439-440. *Notes on the text*, 441-442. *Notes on the text*, 443-444. *Notes on the text*, 445-446. *Notes on the text*, 447-448. *Notes on the text*, 449-450. *Notes on the text*, 451-452. *Notes on the text*, 453-454. *Notes on the text*, 455-456. *Notes on the text*, 457-458. *Notes on the text*, 459-460. *Notes on the text*, 461-462. *Notes on the text*, 463-464. *Notes on the text*, 465-466. *Notes on the text*, 467-468. *Notes on the text*, 469-470. *Notes on the text*, 471-472. *Notes on the text*, 473-474. *Notes on the text*, 475-476. *Notes on the text*, 477-478. *Notes on the text*, 479-480. *Notes on the text*, 481-482. *Notes on the text*, 483-484. *Notes on the text*, 485-486. *Notes on the text*, 487-488. *Notes on the text*, 489-490. *Notes on the text*, 491-492. *Notes on the text*, 493-494. *Notes on the text*, 495-496. *Notes on the text*, 497-498. *Notes on the text*, 499-500. *Notes on the text*, 501-502. *Notes on the text*, 503-504. *Notes on the text*, 505-506. *Notes on the text*, 507-508. *Notes on the text*, 509-510. *Notes on the text*, 511-512. *Notes on the text*, 513-514. *Notes on the text*, 515-516. *Notes on the text*, 517-518. *Notes on the text*, 519-520. *Notes on the text*, 521-522. *Notes on the text*, 523-524. *Notes on the text*, 525-526. *Notes on the text*, 527-528. *Notes on the text*, 529-530. *Notes on the text*, 531-532. *Notes on the text*, 533-534. *Notes on the text*, 535-536. *Notes on the text*, 537-538. *Notes on the text*, 539-540. *Notes on the text*, 541-542. *Notes on the text*, 543-544. *Notes on the text*, 545-546. *Notes on the text*, 547-548. *Notes on the text*, 549-550. *Notes on the text*, 551-552. *Notes on the text*, 553-554. *Notes on the text*, 555-556. *Notes on the text*, 557-558. *Notes on the text*, 559-560. *Notes on the text*, 561-562. *Notes on the text*, 563-564. *Notes on the text*, 565-566. *Notes on the text*, 567-568. *Notes on the text*, 569-570. *Notes on the text*, 571-572. *Notes on the text*, 573-574. *Notes on the text*, 575-576. *Notes on the text*, 577-578. *Notes on the text*, 579-580. *Notes on the text*, 581-582. *Notes on the text*, 583-584. *Notes on the text*, 585-586. *Notes on the text*, 587-588. *Notes on the text*, 589-590. *Notes on the text*, 591-592. *Notes on the text*, 593-594. *Notes on the text*, 595-596. *Notes on the text*, 597-598. *Notes on the text*, 599-600. *Notes on the text*, 601-602. *Notes on the text*, 603-604. *Notes on the text*, 605-606. *Notes on the text*, 607-608. *Notes on the text*, 609-610. *Notes on the text*, 611-612. *Notes on the text*, 613-614. *Notes on the text*, 615-616. *Notes on the text*, 617-618. *Notes on the text*, 619-620. *Notes*



the last Paris has to offer

L'AMYON BARBELOUS - ABBOTT - BUNNEN - NYLIN - PRETETTE - SCANDON - MADE IN FRANCE

you'll be proud to show



CONTAFLEX

This sensational camera, with its unique focusing system, will enable you to get striking pictures with remarkable ease. You see what you are shooting in full picture size on a groundglass which incorporates a split-image (magnified) for ultra sharpness. Fast $f/2.8$ Zeiss Tessar lens focuses automatically. Simple, easy to operate, and has speeds to 1/500 sec. See it at leading dealers.

Write for Consideration booklet.
in 3004, incl., call Peter Jensen, State Rep. 19



A black and white photograph of a man in a suit walking outdoors. He is carrying a briefcase in his right hand. The background shows a modern building with a grid-like facade.

Style 6500 - Black calf and
black shantung. 27/28.



© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 395–402



SUPERMAN IN SPIKES



Then is the stuff to win which ultimately dominates. They may or may not play for money, medals or records. Victory is the supreme goal, and its dedicated quest sets them apart from Everyman. Last week, Everyman could recognize a title of this in President Eisenhower's unexpected snap decision to play an extra nine holes—just to beat George F. Allen. More clearly, he could see it in the attitudes of supermen who claim success as a right: Dale Long, setting a major league record with seven homers in six straight games; Mickey Vernon, going five for five and hitting No. 1; Alvin Karpis, breaking a line to win the seventh consecutive tournament in France; and certainly in almost every thought and action of a young man from New Jersey named David William Sims.

by ROY TERRELL

MEL PATTON TALKS no more, but track lovers still listen with something akin to awe whenever he talks about those explosively short races in which he once ran faster than man had ever gone before, set two world records and won an Olympic championship.

Thus great interest, as well as respect, greeted Patton's prediction a few days ago that his 9.3-second world record for 100 yards (which he set in 1948 and which has since been equaled but never bettered) would not last long. He was: farther someone would gain the sprinter's Holy Grail. "I definitely think," he said, "that the nine-second 100 will come about pretty soon."

Patton even painted a word portrait of this Lancelot in short pants: "He'll have to be six feet tall or better and weigh around 185 pounds; a long-legged fellow who likes to run and is willing to work." It was an interesting picture, but not necessarily one which would qualify Mel Patton as a prophet: he could just as easily have added that the young man in question would be red-haired, wear size 11 shoes, play the trumpet and have an affinity for plagues. For the truth is that Mel Patton had peeked. He had seen Dave Sims run.

David William Sims (who because of an old Scottish ancestor pronounces his name to rhyme with dim instead of dime) has only to look in a mirror to find himself gazing upon an almost exact replica of Patton's picture (see cat). He also has long legs and a great love of running. And possibly no sprinter in history—not even Patton himself—ever possessed such a fierce desire to achieve perfection through hard work.

As for the magic goal of nine seconds—and other predictions that he will one day overtake the first runner to go under 20 seconds for the 220—Dave Sims remains unimpressed about. The 19-year-old from Duke University and Fair Lawn, N.J., is less interested in the impersonal numbers on a stop watch than in the personal satisfaction of beating anybody in the world at any distance from 6 to 220 yards and in winning an Olympic gold medal. In fact, he wants to win two. If this can be accomplished with times which are something less than earth-shaking, fine; if not—well, Dave Sims can break records, too.

It is because of the records he has already broken that

continued on next page

DAVE SIMS

Continued from page 9

Sims can afford to be a bit undermstrative now over the prospect of losing still others. In 15 days this spring dash in North Carolina, he twice equaled and twice surpassed recognized world records in three events. At Durham on May 5 this big handsome kid with the baby face and the beautiful stride ran the 220-yard low hurdles in 22.2 seconds, which is better than Harrison Dillard or Fred Wolcott or any of the other great hurdlers of history could do in their long and distinguished careers—and Dave Sims, basically, is not a hurdler. At Durham on May 11 he ran the 220-yard dash in 20.1, better than any time ever recorded, opposite the names of Mel Patton or Jesse Owens or Ralph Metcalfe or anybody else. And at Raleigh on May 19 he tied both the 100-yard dash of 9.3 and the old world record of 9.2 for the 220. Yet Dave Sims did not grow up to be a sprinter. He did not grow up to be a track man at all.

He was born in Paterson, N.J., on July 23, 1936, and when David was 3 the Sims family moved down the road three miles to Fair Lawn. By the time he was 6 he was hitting baseballs in the vacant lot next door and tossing basketballs through a net hanging from the garage, ice skating, kicking footballs and discovering for himself the great truth reserved for all healthy little boys since time began: it is much more fun to run than it is to walk. So David ran.

"Encourage him to compete in sports!" chuckled Charles J. Sims, who is now a night guard at the Wright Aeronautical plant in Ridgewood, N.J., but was once a semipro baseball and basketball player. "Why, I made him compete." But Dave's mother gently admonishes Mr. Sims with a "Now, Chuck," and tells you that David didn't need any pushing. All he ever thought about was sports.

By the time Dave Sims was in junior high he was playing sandlot baseball with grown men. He won a Silver Skates speed skating championship at Madison Square Garden when he was 14. As a junior in high school he hit over .300; as a senior he hit in 25 consecutive games and was named center fielder on the all-state baseball team. He also played left halfback in football, frequently punted over 60 yards and even scored three touchdowns in five minutes; at season's end he made all-state and honorable mention on a high school All-America. In basketball, "I

really wasn't very good, I just rebounded pretty well". Sims averaged 15 points a game. Then came graduation—and the college and professional scouts.

He received 23 scholarship offers in football (most tempting offer: one from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point) and had bonus contracts dangled before his eyes by a horde of major league baseball scouts. But there was a growing desire in Dave to become a doctor and a blossoming plan that the only way he could make it was to go to college, play baseball and upon graduation sign a big league contract. Then, as Sims remembered the story of Babe Ruess of the New York Yankees, he could finance his own medical school education. So Dave turned to the college baseball scholarship offered by Duke.

In all this time, Dave Sims, reward-wonder to be, had run only once in a high school track meet. Near the end of his senior year Dave slipped off from baseball and, competing unattached, ran in a 100-yard dash. Without knowing anything about a proper start, Sims ran a 9.8 in his qualifying heat—only the timers didn't believe their watches and decided it must have been about 9.6. In the finals he lost by inches.

Taken that summer in New Jersey AAU meets, Sims ran again. Once he won and once he lost and Dave Sims

took two more lessons to heart: sprinting was fun but not quite so much fun when you finished second.

Bob Chambers, the lathery-limbed Duke track coach, will never forget the day he first saw Dave Sims. He laughingly tells how on the very first day on the campus for the Class of '58 this tall redhead with the long legs and shiny grin walked up, introduced himself and asked if he might take part in the fall track program.

"He said, 'I'm here on a baseball scholarship and I've never played track before, but I can run the 100 in 9.8.'"

"I guess," says Sims, "that he thought I was crazy."

"We worked him on starts," says Red Lewis, Chambers' tall, courtly assistant track coach. "Because it was apparent he didn't know the first principles of getting under way. But by the time he was out 20 yards or so he was really beginning to move, and it would take a blind man not to see it. And work? He thrived on it. So after a few weeks we put the clock on him."

In seven strokes, Dave Sims ran the 100 in 9.7.

"By that time," Lewis adds, "we knew we had something, a guy with tremendous physical abilities. We didn't know how good he was, but we knew he was good."

It didn't take them long to find out.

They wangled an invitation for Sims to run in the Washington Evening Star

LOOKING TO THE OLYMPICS: THE

TRACK EVENTS	1957	2nd 1957
100-yard dash	9.5 Lorenz Berg (Col.), 5: 10 Dave Sims (Duke), 9: 10	
200-yard dash	20.1 Dave Sims (Duke), 5: 11	20.4 Art Pollard (Penn. St.)
440-yard run	1.03 Art Lee (USAF), 5: 24	46.26 J. W. Matthews (Ohio A&M)
880-yard run	1.43 Tony Courtney (U.S. Army), 5: 24	1.48.7 Lang Stanley (San Jose St.)
1 mile run	4.06.40 Bobby Swanson (USC), 5: 19	4.07.0 Bill DeLonge (Oregon)
17-mile run	9.05.5 Max Truitt (USC), 5: 24	9.08.8 Jim Beatty (O.C.)
120 high hurdles	1.14 Jack Davis (U.S. Army), 5: 12	1.13.40 Bill Campbell (U.S. Army)
420 low hurdles	1.02.2 Dave Sims (Duke), 5: 5	1.02.5 Walter Robinson (Penn. St.)
400-meter hurdles	5.7.7 Gene O'Connor (Duke St.), 4: 21	5.12.26 Willie Atherton (Cornell)
FIELD EVENTS		
High jump	6' 10 1/2 Dan Stewart (SMU), 5: 4	6' 10 Tony Shelton (LAAC)
Steeple jump	25' 11 1/2 Gery Bell (Indiana), 5: 25	24' 1/2 Baker Johnson (USC)
Hop, step & jump	30' 5 Bill Sharpe (W. Georgia St.), 4: 28	30' 1 1/2 Irv Davis (La. State)
Pole vault	19' 0 1/2 Bob Richards (LAAC), 5: 18 Bob Gutowski (Cincinnati), 5: 13	
Shot put	41' 1 Perry O'Brien (USAF), 5: 5	40' 3 1/2 Bill Needer (Kansas)
Discus throw	188' 0 Portia Gordon (U.S. Army), 4: 8	185' 3 Perry O'Brien (USAF)
Javelin throw	24' 4 1/2 Cy Young (San Fran. St.), 4: 18	23' 8 Chuck Higgins (Virginia Young)
Hammer throw	211' 4 Cliff Blair (Boston U.), 5: 16	201' 1 Hal Connolly (Boston AA)

*Times elapsed, world record of 1957 in parentheses
*Times elapsed, world record of 1957 in parentheses
*Times elapsed, world record of 1957 in parentheses
*Times elapsed, world record of 1957 in parentheses

THE BLUE BOMBER

by JOHN O'REILLY

With the speed and fury of a hit and run fighter
a bold blue jay "shoots up" its old enemy the owl

MANY a green man has had the wife scared out of him by a blue jay. Many a woman has fled in terror from this belligerent bird at nesting time. On one occasion a family had to use the back door to get into the house for several weeks because a pair of blue jays had built their nest in an evergreen shrub right beside the front door. Each time anyone came out of the front door he was dived upon by these birds in blue.

Many a person has felt an eerie tingle upon hearing the deep notes of a great horned owl. This terror of the night is one of the most ferocious of birds. It kills full-grown skunks. It has even carried off humans, and it thinks nothing of chasing a pair of eagles and then appropriating their nest. This footpad of the forest strikes on silent wings.

Many a reader of *SI* has taken delight in the wildlife photographs of David Goodnow. Dave is not as belligerent as a blue jay defending its nest in the daytime, nor is he as tough as a great horned owl as it hunts through the gloom of night. But Dave likes to consort with such creatures as owls and blue jays on a friendly basis.

If you take this cast of characters—the blue-coated juggernaut, the terror of the night and the inquisitive photographer—and put them all in the proper juxtaposition, you get the rare display of avian activity in color on the following pages. Dave placed his owl in a tree near the blue jay nest and then stood by with his camera. He didn't have long to wait for action.

The pair which he selected to put on these gymnastics are two of the most controversial characters among our native birds. The great horned owl is a magnificent creature, both hated and admired. As a hunter, it will tackle animals weighing more than itself. It seems to prefer rabbits, when they are available, but it has been known to eat an astonishing range of fauna.

It will go after snakes as readily as it will an opossum. It will kill and eat other owls and hawks. It preys upon a variety of birds, including fat hens in the poultry yard and prize ducks from the pond of the waterfowl fancier.

This bird also is tough in other respects. It does its courting in wintertime and starts nesting long before migratory birds have felt the urge to move northward. Instead of building its own nest, it will take over the nests of hawks and eagles whether the owners are around or not. It also raises its offspring (two or three) in caves and hollow trees.

Although it rules the night, the great horned owl fre-

quently runs into trouble in the daytime. Just let a gang of crows discover an owl during daylight and pandemonium ensues. The mere presence of the owl drives the crows into a frenzy. Screaming madly, they circle the tree in which the owl has been apprehended. One after another they fly at the big stump, each trying to outdo the bravado of the previous one. While one crow is making a pass close to the snapping leaf, others are by yelling like maniacs.

This hulking menace of the woods becomes even more ridiculous when set upon by blue jays. The blue jay belongs to the same family as the crow, the Corvidae, and shares many of the same raucous habits. Having reared their families of four to six young, they gather in bands and go wandering about the woods latent on mischief.

MISCHIEF MAKERS

On these forays they comprise a gaily dressed but loud-mouthed gang. Their voices are harsh. At times they sound like a creaking pump handle and at other times they are imitating the scream of the red-shouldered hawk. Just try to sneak through the woods when a band of blue jays is on the prowl. They will advise the whole forest of your presence before you have walked a hundred yards.

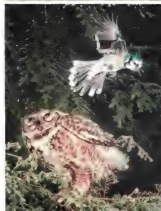
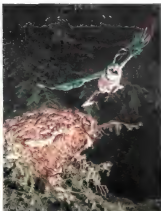
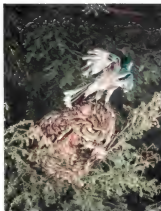
They take delight in pestering other birds or some fox trying to take a nap. They are bright, they are gay, but they don't care a whit for the privileges of others. They do plant forests by burying acorns and then failing to dig them up, but this is accident rather than intent. And when they discover a great horned owl trying to remain inconspicuous in some pine tree they become as frantic as their cousins, the crows.

In daylight the owl is not much of a threat to the jay. The jay usually waits until the owl's head is turned away before it makes its dive. If the dive is already started and the owl turns around, the jay pulls out screaming. Little damage is done. The whole drama is like a bunch of kids throwing snowballs at a cop.

Blue jays become even more belligerent and daring if they have a nest in the vicinity. Although only slightly larger than a robin, they don't hesitate to take a sock at the big terror of the night.

INFORMED by the proximity of the great horned owl to his nest, blue jay launches aerial attack marked by acrobatic dives.





IN SERIES OF DARING DIVES BLUE JAY TRIES TO OUTWIT RUNNING OWL. OWL DUCKS
 HIS SCREAMING ATTACKER AND TRIES TO BRING HIS POWERFUL BEAK INTO PLAY.
 OWL GETS SET (ON NEXT PAGE) BUT BLUE JAY APPLIES SAFETY BRAKES IN MID-AIR





WITH OWL ALERT IN DEFENSIVE POSITION, WISE JAY PUTS FOR HOME. FRAGAS ENDS IN A DRAW

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

WEST COAST DEVALUES FOOTBALL BEEF • BRANCH RICKET
UPGRADES THE PIRATES • THE BAD TUTH OF MOUNTAIN
CLIMBING • ALTHEA GIBSON'S WAY • BUBBLE BUSCH'S WAY

MEN IN MOTION

ON THE PACIFIC COAST, the professors continued to rip for huge yardage through the varsity football teams. Developments of the week after the University of Washington and UCLA had been set down for unnecessary plushness in their recruitment programs (SL, May 28) included:

Item: the conference rather flagellantly ruled all UCLA gridderes ineligible for a year unless they could prove they had not received illegal salary, a contravention of a good deal of progressive legal doctrine since Magna Carta which may be hard to explain away in History 1 & 2 classes.

Item: every team in the conference except mini-to-hust place in football: Washington State was fined for extraordinary athletic procedures ranging from excessive basketball practice (more than 10 hours a week) to excessive distribution of complimentary tickets.

The conference fathers had barely disbanded before the reaction (violent) set in. In Los Angeles, a deputy district attorney, J. Miller Leary, former UCLA athlete, grabbed the ball and charged, head down. He called a press conference, regaled with delighted newswire and TV cameramen, to announce that rival USC, through a proselytizing organization known grandly as the Southern California Educational Foundation, including some of California's leading jurists, financiers and businessmen, had poured up a not-so-secret fund of \$71,235 to distribute to deserving students, particularly those majoring in football. He was promptly hanged in effigy on the USC campus.

There was little doubt, however, that his revelations would galvanize

Vic Schmidt, the conference commissioner. By week's end the word was pretty well bruited about in the football slave markets of southern California that the jig was really up and that the auction-block value of football head-on-the-hood had been disastrously devalued.

By an inexplicable psychological twist it became the business of aggrieved alumni, whose schools had been penalized, to see to it that rival schools did not escape unscathed, and the probability loomed finally that the Coast Conference's recruitment program would be toned down to something more closely resembling the Ivy League's—which may not be as bad as it seems right now to the 50-yard-line season-ticket holders. It may in fact, put an even more spirited

team in the Rose Bowl than ever. Maybe a winner.

ADELE OF TROY

IF THE University of Southern California gets clipped for behind-the-scenes football payoffs (see above), Trojan officials should comfort themselves by reflecting that they were up against something just too big to buck. A woman—a part Los Angeles housewife, Mrs. Adele Erenberg—was the cause of it all. Mrs. Erenberg never went to college, had no interest in college football and wasn't trying to torpedo the Trojans but nevertheless unearthed evidence of secret SC football funds as early as 1958—three long years before the Pacific Coast Conference

continued on a next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Clean Skins

In the general debauchery of football players on the Pacific coast, one voice rose loud and clear. "We're clean," announced Harvey Koss p/r, spokesman for Rennie Koss (A, UCLA) talkback. "We got only the 75 skins [per month] the FCC allows. We can prove it." Under new conference edit, he will have to.

• Battle Stations

The men in uniform continued to serve notice they may have a say in filling the berths to Melbourne. At Modesto, Calif., 2nd Lieut. Jim Lee, USAF, broke the world's record for the 485, with 1:55.8.

• Partners in Overcommitment

Swaps, who set world record in the same race a year ago, blew a two-length lead at Hollywood Park to lose to Mrs. Richard Lusk's *Forterhouse* by a nose in the mile-and-a-quarter California. "It wasn't his fault. I sped up on him," moaned Jerkey Willie Shoemaker.

• Long Ball

The ball Dale Long of the Pittsburgh Pirates hit for his seventh home run in seven straight games (see page 21) has been sent to the Hall of Fame. But not before the prangster who collected it got his asking price: two box-seat tickets and another ball.

by GORDON KROENBERG

large, black-and-white photo magazine. Miss? Well, Mrs. Kroenberg is a member of the IFA.

In the spring of 1958, as she recalled the thing this week for the Los Angeles Mirror News, Joseph C. Shell was running for the California Assembly in her district. In so doing, he described himself as a former SC football captain and a trustee of something called the Southern California Educational Foundation. IFA Member Kroenberg hadn't heard of such a foundation and telephoned the candidate to find out what it was. "He told me," she said, "that it was an organization founded on the campus to help students who could not go to school without assistance." If Candidate Shell had signed off there that would undoubtedly have been the end of the whole thing. But instead he "talked for almost an hour"—eventually, Mrs. Kroenberg decided.

As she recalls it, this made her even more curious, so she telephoned IFA and asked for the foundation. A switchboard operator told her that no such organization existed on the campus. A few days later Candidate Shell telephoned again, but left her curiosity far from satisfied. If the Southern California Educational Foundation was a nonprofit organization and if contributions to it weren't tax free, she reasoned, its income reports should be open to the public.

The local office of the Bureau of Internal Revenue agreed with her. Foundation returns listed names to which funds had been disbursed. "I remember the first name was Carolinoid, and he had received \$630." But none of the names meant a thing to her until she showed them to an assistant colleague. "Hercules thamed and burst into laughter. I didn't get it. He said, 'You are now reading a list of the SC varsity football team!'"

Mrs. Kroenberg didn't know what to do. "I didn't want to get any student in trouble." At the same time she felt that Candidate Shell should explain what sort of foundation it was. She gave her information to the man who opposed him for the office, but nothing came of it and "I almost dismissed it from my mind."

But when the University of Washington and later UCLA were hauled on the carpet for conference violations this winter '61, Bob and Maybelle Mrs. Kroenberg was "sifted at the injustice. I felt that if these men [the SC foundation] were doing something

legitimate and very much of integrity, they would declare themselves. They are leaders of the community. It is not saying anything outrageous, the days to the wolves."

She telephoned the UCLA office at Coach Red Stoen's men's letterbox later. "Two days later Bob Fletcher [a member of a UCLA booster club called me and I gave him the information and told him how I found it. He was astounded.]"

FRUITFUL AND MR. RICKY

THE THIRTEENTH REGULARS at the corner of a restaurant across from Pennsylvania Station in New York were discussing the Pittsburgh Pirates. One man and woman, alone, they were one of that moment a half game out of first place. Another man asked how about this Bob Long leading the National League in hitting and bringing out home runs in seven straight games? Did they see (said a third man) where this Pirates, practically owned by the Pittsburgh firm last year, drew better than 32,000 at a Sunday double-header? Now, how about this Bob Friend with his 7-2 pitching record? And how about this Bobby Bragan for a fast-thinking manager and arful juggler of talent?

It was a symposium that cried out for a line of summation. Just when it appeared that such a line would not be forthcoming, the countermaiter failed



his hand. "What we are missing in Pittsburgh," he said with the confident air of a scholar, "is the friction of Mr. Branch Rickey's five-year plan. In six years."

At his office in Pittsburgh, Branch Rickey himself listened to a report of the foregoing discussion and the countermaiter's conclusion all related to him by telephone on the theory that "friction" was the kind of word Mr. Rickey himself might use to describe the happy state of affairs at Forbes Field. But it was not the word for Mr. Rickey—not yet.

"I would prefer to say," said Mr. Rickey, "that the Pirates have entered an area of respectability. I believe that they will continue to move in this area and may reasonably expect to first division this year. In 1957, I am confident that the Pittsburgh club will be a pennant contender from the very start. And when I say pennant contender, I

mean that the team is if he fully capable of beating out Brooklyn. You can say, indeed, that the realization of my long-time building program of the Pirates, the word of the gentleman at the Penn Station coffeehouse, is the realization of our plan."

As for the Pirates' surprisingly good start this season, Rickey said:

"I expected it. But I confess I have been disappointed with the pitching. I thought it would have hardened between them and me. But what has surprised and delighted me is the team's effort, one player."

Mr. Rickey professed to be only mildly interested in the booming attendance at Forbes Field. But something caused him to cut short a fishing vacation at Shoshone, Wyo., after he had fished 44,114, 12,827, 10, 125 and 10 the next. A fisherman doesn't walk away from that kind of luck unless there's some even better luck—or friction—happening back home.

ELIJAH'S RETURN

When he left Elkhart, St. April 22, that strong-willed pack horse was still ensconced on a 12,000-foot ledge in Colorado's Continental Divide, where he had fed his scraps from a gasmobile and a woman. His was being flown in and his rescue was just a matter of time and warm weather.

Well, last week his last of anxious adventures got good news. Whanglers Bill and Al Turner, Elijah's owners, judged their way to his rocky shed, slipped a halter on him and harnessed down through the drifts to a base camp at Denny Gulch. Last week night, the Turners and Elijah made their way into the streets of Duran, Colo., where the closed runway became the center of an impromptu parade. Then Elijah was transferred to a trailer and hauled off to Denver for more parading, games and flashlight photography. After a local TV appearance he was carried off to Denver's Continental Race Track and paraded during a meeting of quarter-horse racing. Amid general jubilation, Elijah was led to the racetrack's main and presented to a high-contrast crowd. Market fettered with his ropes.

Ahead lay still more ceremonial appearances, including an afternoon's exhibition in the lobby of Denver's sumptuous Brown Palace Hotel and a role of honor at an annual carnival of Colorado Episcopians.

Actually, it was a new thing. At his overnight halt at Denny Gulch, on his way back to civilization—and surely as if he knew what was in store for him

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Continued from page 79

away, wanting no more part of the villagers' wrath.

For a year the Japanese villagers corded their beads at home. Then, this spring, the Nepalese government intervened, called in the elders of Sarua and got them to agree to let the expedition go through the village.

Meanwhile, the Japanese had been giving some thought to the slaming of friends and the inflicting of people. They appointed as leader of the expedition a 44-year-old fertilizer dealer named Arisawa Maki, a veteran climber and devout Buddhist.

By the time the expedition had reached Sarua the villagers were small all over again. But Mr. Maki was ready for them. He announced that he had brought supplies, vaccine and also funds to help rebuild the monastery. He explained that, as a Buddhist, he regarded his climb as a pilgrimage, not a desecration. Then Mr. Maki distributed gifts all around and announced that he would like to engage some local talent as porters. The village elders were pleased and gave the expedition their blessing.

The expedition had reached 20,500 feet on May 7 when Mr. Maki ordered Toshi Inamori and the Sherpa Gyalsen to make the final ascent. Working furiously, this pair cut off a thousand feet by detouring the north route, then worked up the last 2,000 feet by hacking out steps in our final six-hour speed-fort that brought them to the sun-drenched summit.

In Kathmandu, the newly crowned King Mahendra of Nepal ordered a week-long celebration in honor of the "Asian mountain conquest." There would, of course, also be great rejoicing back in Japan.

But for many veteran climbers, the conquering of Manaslu had its touch of sadness. Raro Rahal, the veteran Himalayan mountaineer and climbing companion of Justice William O. Douglas, said, "The big companies are all but over. Before we know it, American Express will be running tourists to the top of every Himalayan peak, just to have a look."

ALTHEA IN PARIS

AS THE STUNNED set of the women's tennis finals began in the center court at Paris' Roland Garros tennis stadium, workmen tramped out the bags, sold silver Suzanne Lenglen Cups. Across the net, the tall, bony-kneed Negro

girl stared at it for a moment—and it seemed to unsettle her game.

Althea Gibson had come a long way from her first tennis lessons, when a Police Athletic League supervisor in Harlem gave her a racket and showed her how to hit a ball against a handball wall when she was 13. By last year Althea was rated No. 8 among U.S. women players, but it doesn't take much of a proctol to reveal that her 1946 rating will be a lot higher. Nobody has been playing with more concentration and determination. In November she took off on an Asian tour and played exhibitions in Rangoon, Mandalay, Bangkok, New Delhi, Ceylon and Bombay. When the good-will tour finished last January, she took up the European circuit. In 12 weeks she won nine tournaments from Scandinavia to Egypt, and the only woman regularly able to beat her seemed to be Britain's Angela Mortimer.

Across the court from Althea during the French finals last week stood the same Angela Mortimer, defending champion. By now it was virtually match point, and Althea, who had leveled through the first set 6-0, suddenly seemed overcome with the enormity of her task. She missed an easy shot and anger glimmered on her face. Suddenly, she knuckled a ball into the stands. The crowd booed lustily.

The incident seemed to steady Althea. Flashing the same concentrated attack, which has won her nine championships in a row in her present Kane-

gan tour, she spun ahead 11-10, and then in the 22nd game claimed a forecourt shot which she hit—sawed Angela Mortimer returned into the net. Althea wrapped her arms around the Suzanne Lenglen Cup—and the most important trophy of her career.

Wonderful! Yes, that will be Althea's next objective. The competition will be stiffer there, and Althea is counting on plenty of determined drill in the next three or four weeks. But she felt justified in a mild celebration. With a party that included her doubles partner Angela Buxton, she dropped in at a St. Germain des Pres nightclub to hear a little drumming and topped off a string of Coca-Colas with one small brandy.

TRADER BUSH

EVERYONE MUST know that General D. Manager Frank Lane of the St. Louis Cardinals is just about the most freeshooting trader on the baseball market, but even to his boss, August J. (Gussie) Busch (president of the Cardinals, head of the Anheuser-Busch brewery and baseball fan), Lane sometimes takes into a conservative, close-to-the-vest type.

Just about the time Lane was shooting firecrackers right and left as he exchanged players with Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh during Lane's Wild Week '51, May 28's Busch came to him with a suggestion that brought Lane up short.

"Why don't you get Ernie Banks from the Chicago Cubs?" Busch asked, eyes glancing at the thought of the best shortstop in the National League in a St. Louis uniform.

"They wouldn't give him up," Lane said.

"Why not?" Busch said.

"Mr. Busch," Lane argued, "I've got Banks well 'nough a great shortstop, and sold him for the next 10 years. But they know that, too."

"Give him million dollars for him," Busch said.

"Mr. Busch," Lane explained, "half a million dollars is a lot of money, but Mr. Wrigley (owner of the Cubs) needs it about as much as you do."

"Give them more," Busch said.

"Give them some players, too."

Lane switched his argument into Busch's field, business and finance.

"Mr. Busch," he said, "if you had a gilt-edge bond that yielded 10%, would you sell it? Banks is a gilt-edge bond."

"Oh," Busch said. He retired from the field, leaving Lane shaken and just a little humble.

ODE TO PAGE 58

Oh to be cured by a silhouette
By someone like Elaine McKerslie;
Rendered in velvet, chafed and jet,
With the pattern of line of a hair ball!

Oh to be drawn like a Manchu queen,
Fine as a light-struck vein,
By someone like Ruth, the Calligrapher,
With a hoop and a dress and a spite!

Oh to be free of garters and lace,
The endless associations of girls,
Bared in righ and in midriff for life's
—celebrate—
Regardless of life's high barbed!

Oh to be up in a fire-red sheath,
Slung from head to toe,
Tied down with the scissors of chain beneath
What good fashion means me to close!

Awed with petticoats, bloomers and hips,
Up the back bared, free of every mate!
For Claire and Ruth, three head boxes.
See *REVIEWS* Lane, page 61.

—PERRY KRAUTH

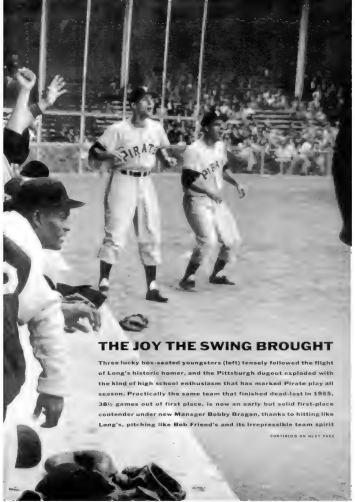
THE SWING THAT WROUGHT THE IMPOSSIBLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY BY PITCH

Richard Dale Long, the first baseman for the Pittsburgh Pirates, is shown at the precise instant he drove a ball over the right-field wall of Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium last Saturday afternoon to become the first man in all the 90-odd years of baseball history to hit home runs in seven consecutive games. For more pictures of Blogger Long and the incredible Pittsburgh Pirate crew of '55, turn the page.







THE JOY THE SWING BROUGHT

Three lucky box-seated youngsters (left) tensely followed the flight of Long's historic homer, and the Pittsburgh dugout exploded with the kind of high school enthusiasm that has marked Pirate play all season. Practically the same team that finished dead-last in 1988, 36½ games out of first place, is now an early but solid first-place contender under new Manager Bobby Dragan, thanks to hitting like Long's, pitching like Bob Friend's and its irrepressible team spirit

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



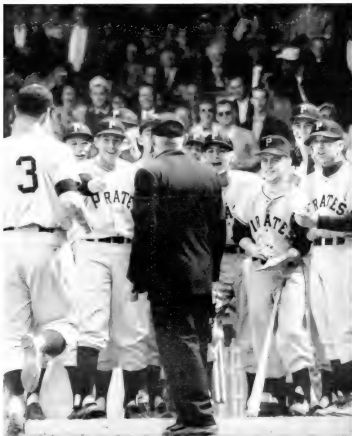
DESIRE FRIENDS OF OSCAR LONG PRESENTS WILLIE STARGATZ TO PLAY TO PROGRESSIVE PITCHER



WILLIE STARGATZ, KANSAS CITY, PREPARES FOR PITCHER'S PITCH. (STARGATZ BEING HELD BY PITCHER)



Manager Dragan, far right, leads Pirate applause as Long crosses the plate. Minutes later, General Manager Joe L. Brown called from Pittsburgh to say he had a new contract, with a \$2,500 raise, ready for Long. Brown had told Long before season's start: "If you do well, don't call us—we'll call you!"



WONDERFUL WORLD continued





THE LITTLEST ELEPHANT

This appealing, new-born creature, still shabby on its big round feet, is the hero of a posthumous animal book by the late Ylla, the greatest animal photographer of our

time. Titled "Little Elephant," it will be brought out by Harper & Brothers this summer. For the story of another elephant, the great-grandaddy of them all, turn the page



KILLED AT LAST AFTER BEING HUNTED FOR FOOD AND KILL WITH 12 HIGH-POWER BULLETS, THE MAMMOTH ELEPHANT LIES ON ITS SIDE HERE

THE BIGGEST ELEPHANT

In the dense, wild bush of Angola, in Africa, a hunter tracks

Far west of the desert, José Pinyana is a Portuguese Afrikaner hunter. Not much tall Pinyana and his wife, a blonde European, set off for their 1,000-mile search in Angola, the vast Portuguese colony on the Atlantic coast of Africa. There, for three or four months, Pinyana hunts big game in the dense and treacherous wilderness of that remote corner of the world. This is the story of his biggest trophy—the largest elephant ever shot.

IT WAS while hunting in a remote area of Angola in 1954 that I got the shock of my life—game-hunting life. Examining the night-vision of a lake I saw an unbelievably big elephant track. Getting out a tape measure, I found it measured an even three feet

in length—more than a foot larger than the world's record trophy.

As I stood up a little still went through my body. I knew I was looking at the spot of probably the largest animal living on the surface of the earth.

What should I do? If I followed the track long enough, undoubtedly I would in time find him and shoot him. But then what? I had only three helpers with me, and it would take us days to skin such a trophy. I had neither the mechanical equipment nor the human help for such a task.

With those considerations I calmed my hunter's ardor and went on my exploratory way. But I never forgot that great track. All last winter, spring and summer in Madrid I thought about it.

Last fall, I got back to Angola and began preparations for the biggest



BROKEN TREES AND CRUMPLED BUSH WITH PROUD HUNTER JOSE FENYKOVI (LEFT) AND HIS AGE-OLD PARTNER MARCO HAPPILY POSE BY HIS SIDE.

EVER KILLED BY MAN

and kills the largest animal ever shot on earth

by JOSE FENYKOVI

hunting expedition of my life. We loaded a massive "jeep wagon," a big truck with huge wheel drive capabilities, almost as big as my train, and with a brand new prop, and sufficient supplies for myself and six men, we set off again to cross the Congo River and look for my elephant. With me this time was Marco, my favorite under-camp, and Antonio, my Spanish driver, was as the lieutenant of our expedition, and was double as mechanic, cook and camp overseer.

Marco had not been with me in 1954, as he was unfamiliar with this part of

Angola. But I guided our party to the place where I had seen the big tracks. I knew that the habit of solitary old males, whether they belong to the human or elephant race, are set and methodical. They eat, drink, sleep and travel in accordance with a strict plan and timetable.

It had been at the little lake that I saw the big tracks on November 9, 1954. In this year of 1955 occurred at the same spot at 12 noon on November 12. Since the place had probably never before, or since, been visited by men, I was sure of finding the space of my

old elephant first seen a year before.

Sure enough, there was the track again. It was not fresh, being covered with dust and leaves. I examined it carefully and concluded it was about two days old. My elephant had been there as late as November 10.

It was early in the afternoon when we saw the track. With me were Marco and my favorite native tracker, Kuyoya. Marco got down and looked at the space. He agreed that in 40 years of the jungle he had never seen so big a footprint.

(Continued on next page)

BIGGEST ELEPHANT

continued from page 29

"Shut those feet," he exclaimed, "there must be a real monster."

"Let us hide away here by the lake," I suggested. "Maybe he will come back to drink, and I could take some time before we start shooting."

We hid the jeep and ourselves in the dense vegetation near the lake and, keeping absolute silence, we sat in the shade. The hunt was suffocating. Nothing moved around us except a few birds from the jungle that came down to drink.

But my elephant did not return. When the light was insufficient for color photography we gave up waiting and returned to camp.

At 5 a.m., the next day I was already in the jeep with Mario, Kukuya and Francisco. I wanted to be at the lake when my elephant came down for his morning drink. When we got there, a few ducks were swimming in the muddy water. Everything seemed the same as the day before. The first thing we saw was several recent tracks of elephants of medium size and also a new track of a rhinoceros. While Mario and I examined these, Kukuya and Francisco went a few steps ahead, following the edge of the water. They called to us carefully.

"He drank at night! Here is the track of three feet long!"

A SURE PRINT

There it was, really fresh, only a few hours old—the sure print of the biggest elephant on earth.

My decision was immediate. We would follow him until we found him.

It was 6:20 a.m. Kukuya and Francisco went about 50 paces ahead, marking the spear with quick steps, while Mario and I followed in the jeep.

Our elephant was still several hours ahead of us, but he was going slowly, stopping here and there and entertaining himself with food. He seemed completely at ease.

We had been pursuing him for more than an hour when the path of our elephant joined another coming from the north. Carefully we examined the spears and discovered the recent tracks of a second bull.

From there on they went together. The second animal, judging from his tracks, was of great size but smaller than our monster.

For two hours we followed the two old enemies. Sometimes their tracks would get mixed, but always visible was that enormous three-foot space.

By 9 a.m. the jungle heat was intense.

Kukuya and Francisco rushed on ahead, but almost immediately they stopped. They had discovered fresh elephant sign. "Hot," cried out Mario. "They must be very near."

We left the jeep and all went ahead on foot. The wind wasn't very good, as it was variable and could carry our scent down the track, but apparently it had not for, as we silently rounded a bend in the path, the advance tracker held up his hand. I crept forward. There, not a hundred yards ahead of us, were the two elephants.

They were quite calm, lying under some tall trees, slowly moving their huge ears in a fanlike motion. The



ELEPHANTS REFUGE was at the spot where, in mid-south-east Africa,

smaller was an enormous beast, but my elephant was beyond my imagination. A real monster.

Mario very quietly lit a cigarette, to see by the smoke the direction of the wind. I tossed out a little talcum powder I always carry for the purpose. The wind was easterly, meaning that it came from our left toward our right, but did not carry our scent to the animals. This was a break; we could get closer without being scented.

Slowly we approached, soundlessly, using tree trunks for cover, ever testing the wind so it would not give us away. We were about 80 yards from them. The big one had his side turned to us, but the other was facing us with ears alert. He suspected something. We stopped and observed a few moments.

"I suggest you open fire," whispered Mario.

"I would like to come about 40 yards closer," I answered, whispering too.

"They are two, and in case they charge we won't have time to maneuver," added Mario. The wind started to change direction. We had to act immediately. About 15 yards forward

there was a tree with the trunk slightly inclined, good to rest the arm on for shooting.

"Let us go to that tree," I suggested. "From there we will open fire, although I think it is still too far."

"If you want, I'll go forward," volunteered Mario. "I am younger and faster if it is necessary to run."

"Not at all," I answered, thinking that if Mario were in front of me I would not be able to shoot. Coming near the bent tree I told him: "I'll shoot the big one. You, Mario, make it sure. We both should have an eye on the second."

The two animals remained in the same position, one facing us, the other presenting his huge side.

Leaving my arm on the trunk I aimed at the chest of the largest. The bullet from the .416 Rigby raised a dust of dry mud from the skin of the animal, proof of a hit. At once I shot a second bullet in the same place, and I heard the discharge of my other .416, fired by Mario.

Fortunately for us, the two giants did not attack, but ran. Before he disappeared among the trees I put two bullets into the smaller one. I could see blood gushing from the trunk of my big elephant—a sure sign I had got him in the lungs.

Reloading as we ran, Mario and I, followed by Kukuya and Francisco, took off after our wounded quarry. Now there was no need to study the tracks, as an enormous trail of blood told us which way they went. We did not feel the heat or the burden of the heavy rifles we were running with, so great was the excitement.

In an open space in the jungle the two animals stopped for a moment, but they were too far away for a good shot. As we reared there, they sensed the danger and took off again.

After 30 minutes of hard running the heat and the exertion began to tell on my 45 years. Mario and Francisco were ahead of me. I whistled at them and told Mario and Kukuya to go for the jeep. I knew it might be a long chase. I had no idea where the jeep was, but trusted in their jungle training to find it. Francisco and I sat down to rest until the jeep arrived. While we waited, I amused myself by teaching Francisco how to use the .375 rifle which he carried for me as a reserve weapon but which he had never fired. He was delighted to be able to try it.

It took Mario and Kukuya two hours to find the jeep and return to us. We sat down for a while longer, ate some canned food and took a few sips



GIANT FOOT, measuring our last area, yet Mark's found his was smaller than Francisco's. The discrepancy, it turned

out, was due to a small infection decades ago by a misbehaving insect that had ruptured the action of elephant's left foot.

of our much reduced supply of water.

Half an hour later we were on the trail again, this time with the jeep. After about two and a half miles through fairly open country, the tracks of the two elephants entered a patch of thickly wooded jungle.

We left the jeep at the entrance to the thicket. Francisco and Rukutu entered the wood mindlessly. Mario and I followed with equal caution. The smoke from Mario's cigar, and my talcum powder, showed a variable wind, not a comforting sign when we were going into bloodingly thick bush after two pain-maddened elephants, either one of which could kill as all easily.

We crept forward, one careful step after another, for what seemed an age. The jungle was absolutely quiet. Suddenly Francisco held up his hand and signaled that he saw something. I strained my eyes. Yes, about 20 yards ahead we could see something moving slowly among the thick mass of branches and leaves. We could not make out what part of which of the two enormous animals it was, but I slowly raised my .318 rifle to take

aim at the moving mass of gray hide.

I fired two bullets from the .318. Almost simultaneously the other big side went off at my side. That was Mario. Then we heard a shot from the .355. It was Francisco, obviously an hour before learned to use the rifle and was now getting off his first shot into the bulk of the biggest elephant ever shot by man.

Before the echo of our shots died away, pandemonium started in the jungle. The crash and cracking of broken trees and branches sounded like an artillery battle. We did not stop to listen, but turned and ran as hard as we could for open country. Deep in a jungle was no place to be with two injured elephants you could not see and with a variable wind that could give our position away at any moment.

When we got 20 yards outside the thicket, we turned and waited for the chase. The wind by now was at our backs, carrying our scent straight to the great beasts. But the attack did not come. Inside the jungle the crash and tear of trees continued. We started to run around the thicket, which

was fortunately small—about a mile and a half in circumference—keeping a good 20 or 25 yards from the edge of the forest.

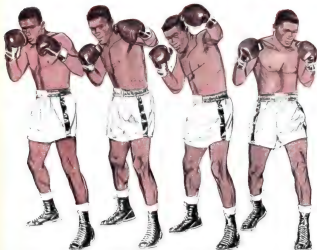
Then as we reached the place where we had left our jeep, I saw, to my astonishment, not 10 feet from the jeep the bloody tracks of the big elephant. He had passed the jeep only a few seconds before.

A little way from the jeep we found the tracks of two smaller beasts who had taken off in the opposite direction from his larger companions. Fortunately for us, the two monsters had separated and now the job was not quite so dangerous. We had only one elephant at a time to worry about and he the big one—had six .318 bullets and one from the .355 in his hands.

We followed his trail through low bushes for a good three miles. Two or three times we got close enough to see him, but not in time for another shot. Finally the bloody trail entered another wooded thicket. Now we could not miss it even if we were blind.

It was 4:30 p.m. Mario and I stopped

continued on page 24



FAVORITE COMBINATION used by Floyd Patterson is this series of punches which he delivers in the incredible time of 1.2 seconds. The series begins with Patterson in the fighter's "natural

position" (left), from which he throws two rapid-fire jabs. Once the jabs are delivered, Patterson moves his foot to face the opponent, head on and gain proper balance for the coming rights.

PREVIEW

THE PATTERSON-JACKSON

by **MARTIN KANE**

A COURSE of weeks before his fight with Floyd Patterson, Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson, the boy who rose out of the stinkier bushes of Far Rockaway to within jabbing distance of the world's heavyweight championship, greeted the sunny morning with a white-toothed smile, slipped into training pants and sweatshirt and set out over the green New Jersey hills for his customary eight-mile run. His was a mood that matched the morning, which was the kind that makes the birds sing. He set off, then, not on a jog or lope but with a merry, shuffling time-step, very like one of those curious mannequins he uses in the ring. It was the start of what looked like a wonderful day.

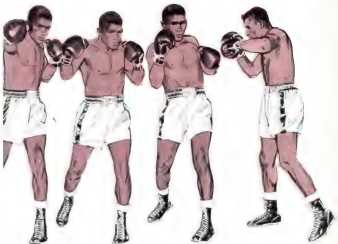
By midafternoon he was a sulky hermit, hiding in the

woods. The mood had changed. One of Hurricane's sparring partners had knocked him down.

There was, in fact, no sound reason for the morning's joyful feeling. On the night of Friday, June 8, at Madison Square Garden, Hurricane fights Floyd Patterson in a nationally televised 12-round heavyweight elimination match, and Patterson may well knock him out in the first three rounds, very likely will finish him off before the fifth has ended. Patterson will then be taking his first long step on the road to the championship of the world. (There are, of course, rough looks—like Jackson's here.)

A knockout by Patterson is the way it must seem to anyone who has observed these two men in the ring and

CROSS ■ CROSS ■ ■ ■ UPPERCUT ■ ■ HOOK ■ ■ ■ ■ 1.2 SECONDS



These are short straight punches which, if the other fighter's left is extended, become right crosses. Without guard, they are followed by a jabbing right uppercut and this, in turn, by a left

hook. If the blows are delivered with proper sharpness the hook should end it all with a clean knockout. To appreciate the skill and speed this requires, try the combination before a mirror.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HINES

FIGHT

Floyd Patterson at last gets his big chance to move toward the heavyweight title when he meets Hurricane Jackson, No. 2 challenger, at Madison Square Garden

in waiting and has tried to follow the flashing fury of Patterson's big hands, which can throw a headlender series of punches in the time it takes to wink twice (see illustration, above). They are nothing less than the fastest hands in the heavyweight division and, moreover, to quote one who has felt their power, "Floyd punches hard."

That was Hurricane himself speaking. He and Floyd sparred together in the days when neither could afford to hire first-rate sparring partners. There is that about Patterson's swift hands to remind one of Sugar Ray Robinson, and that about his punching power, not yet fully developed, to make one look forward to the time when a latter-day Joe Louis will come upon the scene.

As for Hurricane, he is a mysteriously successful fighter who has pushed himself into the No. 2 contender's position (right behind Moore, no less) with a weird assortment of pawings and slappings. Those who fight him and lose say he punches hard. Those who can only watch and wonder don't see how this is possible because Hurricane is eternally off balance, and there is, therefore, no place for punching power to come from. Besides, much of the time he forgets to close his fists. But he has defeated men who, by all the laws of prizefighting, should have defeated him. He beat, for instance, Bob Baker, who is a slouch but nonetheless ranked No. 3. He beat Edward Charles who, though

(continued on next page)

THE PATTERSON-JACKSON FIGHT

(continued from page 44)

long gone over the hill, is still an champion. These are the accomplishments of a fighter who, in any other era, would be a sentimental in order to give the fans a moment's relief.

There is a theory that Hurricane has been able to climb the ratings ladder because of his matchless stamina, a gift of both nature and his devotion to training.

"What do you do for relaxation?" is a favorite question at the training camp, the famous Khan's.

"Work," Hurricane always answers. It is a joke that almost kills him with simulated laughter, a piece of repartee he pretends to find delightful. He slaps his knee and rocks back and forth. He almost chokes. Then he recovers abruptly and he goes about darkly around the audience. If anyone is not amused, Hurricane is likely to rise in offended dignity and stalk away, looking very like a sullen cowboy. His fighting style may be compared to the table manners of a child who has been to progressive school. His shifts in mood are equally startling. There is no appropriateness in anything he does.

He is, indeed, the utter opposite of Patterson, a shy, even-tempered fellow who trains hard, too, but not out of whatever inner compulsion drives Jackson.

Patterson has been a smoldering threat to the top championship from the day he won the 144-pound title in the 1932 Olympics. But, brought along cautiously by his manager, Gus D'Amato, who is known, in fact, as Captain Gus, Floyd's name has been turned with slow precision. Not too slow, at that, because he is only 21. But interest in him has been so great that many fans have built up a back-pressure of impatience to see this truly exciting fighter matched in the upper brackets. Knowing that three days a fighter of even meager promise runs the danger of being hustled before the TV cameras much too soon, D'Amato waited for Patterson to mature, both physically and in skill. This situation was further prolonged by a quarrel between Gus and the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), but that has now been resolved and IBC will promote the fight.

Patterson has shifted from his Greenwood Lake, New York training camp to the more elegant, Ketchikan in the Catskills. He runs three or four miles a day, an against Jackson's eight, spars three to six rounds, as against Jackson's

seven or eight, cuts two rounds against Jackson's three. In sparring he works on the combinations he intends to use against Jackson. One favorite consists of three rapid jabs to the body followed by a right to the head. Even more favored is a fabulously fast series



HURRICANE JACKSON, typically off balance, is awkward but will score fights.

of two jabs, two straight rights, a right uppercut and a left hook to the head.

These miracles of coordination bring a gleam to the eye of Dan Florio, his trainer, but Florio is disturbed by the reappearance of an old Patterson flaw which, in Floyd's early days, came to be known as "the gasline punch." It is a straight right or left delivered on top of a leap that brings him close to his opponent. Florio has been trying to eliminate it and, for a while, succeeded. Lately, this crack in an otherwise firm foundation has begun to show again. Florio argues that Floyd is off balance

when the punch lands but Floyd insists he is not.

Patterson will present Jackson with a bobbing, weaving target in perpetual motion and, since Jackson does best against a straight-up fighter, there is trouble ahead for Hurricane.

His manager, Lippy Breitbart, and trainer, Whittay Bernstein, test their big card in Hurricane's stamina. They agree eagerly that "the longer it goes the better it will be for Jackson." His faithfulness in training has given him an endurance comparable to Rocky Marciano's. Bernstein, who once suffered through the arduous task of training Tony Galento, is grateful for this, though there are other aspects of his charge which, when mentioned, leave Whittay tight-lipped and grim.

Breitbart, an old Arthur Brisbane reader, expressed his pride in Hurricane's prowess with a philosopher's observations: "You take any man against an animal, I'll bet on the animal."

Jackson is known to his close associates as The Animal. It is, in a way, a tribute, but it tells something, too, of the way he looks when, wearing a straggly Irish and a half of black head, he shambles up to a sparring partner and ruffs him about with open gloves. None of his punches are delivered correctly. He is off balance most of the time. He hasn't even a notion of a planned combination in his repertoire and is not likely to acquire any.

"He don't fight according to the book," is the way Breitbart puts it. "He fights according to himself."

How would he fight Patterson? The reply was somewhat but revealing.

"He don't prepare one attack or one other against anybody. He follows instructions more or less than he's the originator."

He will, as a matter of fact, fight Patterson the way he has fought everyone he ever met—with a strange assortment of double uppercuts as Hurricane's original upper gloves slip over the flukes, close as overlapping rights and ups and flailing lefts, all delivered in nonsensical sequence. That is what his handlers mean by his "style."

A good deal may depend on the mood in which Hurricane enters the ring. After that fine happy morning on which he was at once so dutiful and so joyful, Hurricane rose from his midday nap in still another humor. He glowered as he dressed to take on three partners in seven rounds of fighting.

First he fared Chubby Wright, a stocky veteran, for two rounds. Chubby scored several times with a right cross

(continued on page 48)

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Don January, 36-year-old American pro, came through some pressure, chips (and out of it) to help Don Flinders win the \$100,000 U.S. Open. Said January: "I'll be laughing and hugging."



Collette David, 25-year-old French model with smile for the day, helped from D-17 flying at 41,000 feet, minutes within 134 feet of the 40,000-foot Himalayas. Has before opening parachute, had plane in test, world record.

RECORD BREAKERS

Jim Lea, 40-year-old runner of 40 years who ran down his running for U.S. Air Force, burst out of Chicago (4:40) to win until he had set new world record at 64:13 for quarter mile in California. Relay at 1:00:10. Other world record in same race: 7:02.2 two-mile relay won by Southern Pacific Association quartet of Joanne Walters, Hal Butler, Dan Schenkman, Hal West. May 24.

Babe Borg, 36-year-old Pittsburgh first baseman, set pace for amazing Pirates, hit seven home runs in seven successive games, the last against Philadelphia (May 26), for new major league mark. (See page 32)

Adam Harry, 1. Howard Lyons' 5-year-old stallion, sidestepped through mile-and-a-half in 2:07 1/2, shared three-fifths of record of world standard while naming Harry's two-year-old pacer at Nevada. Harry's, Silver Hill, Md. May 25.

Don Hinkle and **Tom McDaniel**, quick-handed New Zealand players, tied 10-foot 10-inch record to win up 16-inch white pine log in 18 seconds flat, claimed new world ranking record at Christchurch.

BASEBALL

Pittsburgh's warning Pirates made work's big news in National League. With Duke Louis, playing home run—off over the plate, Pirates split game with St. Louis, swept two from Philadelphia, moved into third place, only one game from top. Milwaukee maintained triple grip on first place but kept wary eye on Cardinals, who won five out of six, were second by 11 points.

coverage points. (Baltimore and New York) Pirates' Jim Dwyer, Marshall Pomeroy and Joe Black, left Braves' pitcher for 9:23 innings, yet lost 2-1 in 11th. Chicago's Jim Davis fanned four batters in one inning but was out in St. Louis 12-2.

New York rolled along at expense of Kansas City, Detroit and Baltimore in American League. Combined Marlon Marzke's home run total to 22, battling managers to shut, 10-0 in 4th, led against Cleveland on page 40 by 31, game. Boston by 7-0. Chicago knocked over Baltimore 2-1 and won two from Indians to edge within half game of third place that night last and future, see page 42.

BOXING

Gene Feltner, freestyle boxing master who gave rivals in 1971-72, 1973, 1974 when he lost boxing over midwestern hospital, finally landed once at European Champion Charles Hines for 10 gory rounds in New York to earn decision and No. 1 ranking, prompting Manager Merv Jensen to change his title shot with Sugar Ray Robinson. "We don't settle for anything else."

Bugsy Roth, 20-year-old young heavyweight with only 15 pro fights but ranked by new-broadcast regulation of boxing. 19-year-old Grand Charles, found over-the-hill's champion was upset, hammered out Howard Jackson at St. Nick's in New York. His referee at long-term, Charles refused to continue thought of retiring, insisted, "I'll go on as long as I feel good."

Johnny Nunn, 30-year-old heavyweight ignored by HBO will be managed to get "right connections," made long-awaited multi-venue TV debut, barely missed part of contender as he took down from a world-ranked Howard Curran 10 rounds at Detroit.

TRACK & FIELD

Manhara was only 10 seconds to 1000, scored 427 points to retain ICAA championship in New York. Penn's Johnny Haines, paid up before of 1000 and 444, outthrew Charles Jenkins to win 444 in 1:47.1, added 228-yard crown in 9:29.1 for first such double since Ray Barbieri turned trick in 1928. Penn's Artie Scott outman Villavog's New Orleans, who earlier won 444 in 1:51.1 half mile.

Michigan came up to last event needing second to win, got it in mile relay to edge Iowa 41:37.1 for Big Ten title in Minneapolis. Indiana's first leg got off almost 11-inch head jump, world's longest skipper.

BOWLING

Jerry Butler, 27-year-old Manhara (Minn.) Teachers College student who landed eighth round 1980 series last April 28, finally got good news: his total was good enough to win \$12,000 and winning gold championship title as \$14,000 American Classic ended in Chicago.

HORSE RACING

Peterhouse, storming up last week's under trainer shipping of Jockey David

FOCUS ON THE DEED



FAIRY SHAPED—Donna Williams won world record at 100 meters for the quarter mile, outstripping 40-year-old M.J. W. Williams (right) and Trina Toller (left) in the California Polytechnic State University.



FIGURE RUNNING—Petersen pulled forward and victory in the \$10,000 Jimmy Stalder Quarter State Parkers Knappton (center) barely held off Lee-Stalder, Carter, Hoy, but second place.



Jim Brown, 17-year-old Sterling (Ill.) High School senior, balanced through water in \$46.5 at Sterling, became second in lower national interscholastic swimming swim club. The first: Ron Gregory of St. Louis, who ran 4:19.2.

Taken to challenge heavily favored Swaps, caught usually alert Willie Shaw—retained mugging, clipped horse first to start, then to take \$100,000 California at Hollywood Park.

After Guyanese Vanderbilt, owner, reducing racing stable, picked up \$260,700 from sale of 11 Thoroughbreds in public auction at Belmont. Sometime Thing, bay 4-year-old filly with winning habit, brought highest price: \$200,000 from Connecticut Executive Whitney Stone for his Marine Stud.

TENNIS

After Gibson, smart-cracking New York, with career record toward Wimbledon, captured rough second set in Paris, lost England's Angela Mortimer 6-4, tied 10 for first time in five meetings to win French tournament. It was her seventh straight title, 11th of eight with her partner, 40-year-old Les Hoad, partner, to go to work to overcome Sweden's Sven Davidson 6-4, 6-6, 6-3 in men's final.

ROWING

Princeton's 16-pounders, unbeaten this spring, accepted invitation to send 11-man squad to England for Thames River Cup competition in Royal Henley Regatta July 4-7.

AUTO RACING

England's Sirling Moss teamed up with France's Jean Behra to score Marlboro continued on next page



FRED ANGLER (left)—Horseowner line-up with black marlin caught while fishing. The old line catches also in Paris.

How to avoid "billy-goat hair"



New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day

Blasting for a greaseless hair tonic?

Answer comes with VITALIS V-7, the unique grooming discovery that uses mineral vegetable oils, mineral and zinc salts. V-7 is a complete, complete, protein-rich cream.

And VITALIS produces no harmful side effects from hair and scalp irritation. For more VITALIS, visit V-7, V-7 and we will give you more.

VITALIS' HAIR TONIC WITH V-7.



For cool cruising — wear Aertex_® by Hathaway

When the weather's torrid, and the pace is fast, there's nothing like Aertex from England for keeping you cool. Hathaway honestly believes that much of that famous English cool first comes from the national habit of wearing this amazing fabric. Each Aertex shirt contains a million spots,

perfuming a surface through which you can feel, but not see. Tailored in the great Hathaway tradition, Aertex polishes shirts come in solid colors and well-tailored checks. They cost \$2.95 — at better stores only. For the name of your nearest store, drop a line to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.



What next?
First it was a
piano, now you have
to have an
electric kitchen

Some women are never satisfied. Fly them with pianos, costly furs and rare jewels, and they still want a Hotpoint electric kitchen. Well, who can blame them?

With a Hotpoint kitchen, a woman has everything her own way: For instance, an oven built-in at her height of convenience; choice of 2- or 4-unit surface section, installed wherever she chooses; a 1- or 2-door refrigerator; an automatic dishwasher under the counter she specifies. She has all this and color, too.

What next? Next, see your Hotpoint dealer. He's listed in the yellow pages. Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Co.), Chicago 44.

electric kitchens and
laundries by
Hotpoint



Desoreen Williams Jr., pole-playing attorney, was recently elected president of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood, a 100-year-old group that is dedicated to "foster and spread the spirit of sportsmanship throughout the world."



Mrs. Adele Rosenberg, pinky, Los Angeles housewife and PTA worker, might be called curiously about Southern California National Fundraising, provided spark, which comes off latest FCC battle involving USC, see page 17.

41 miles around the Nurburgring course in 7:43.56.1, half minute ahead of Ferrari piloted by Argentinean Juan Manuel Fangio and Italy's Eugenio Castellotti.

DOG SHOW

THE ROADHOUSE ROADSTER, Mrs. Silver K. Altman Jr.'s sprightly 27-month-old Dalmatian, expertly handled by Charles Meyer, outdistanced 2,300 strutting canines, was named best-in-show at Morris and Ferns Kennel Club show in Madison, N.J., last weekend.

MILEPOSTS

TRAVELERS—Mrs. May Sutton Hardy, Holcomb Ward, Brins C. Wright, William J. Claffier, the late William A. Larned and Dwight F. Davis, U.S. champions from 1899 to 1911; elected to National Tennis Hall of Fame, at Newport, R.I.

DEATH—Norman (Red) Steiner, 55, college and professional player and coach, last with San Francisco 49ers in 1952, of heart attack, at Berkeley, Calif.

DEATH—Al Simmons, 53, one of baseball's greatest slugging outfielders, star of Philadelphia A's from 1924 to 1932, two-time American League batting champion (.361 in 1926, .356 in 1930), elected to Hall of Fame in 1963; of heart attack, at Milwaukee. Simmons had twice batted as pitchers, once said: "Hits are my bread and butter. They're trying to take the bread and butter out of my mouth. I hate them."

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL

CHARLEY KESTER, 19-year-old Al Baker, in 1957 (144, 196-1960).
Dwight Gooden, 19-year-old Red Johnson, in 1957 (144, 196-1960).
Billy Hamilton, 19-year-old (196-1960).
Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).
Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).
Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).

FOOTBALL

John McNamara, 19-year-old (196-1960).
John McNamara, 19-year-old (196-1960).

BASEBALL

Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).
Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).

BASEBALL

Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).
Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).

BASEBALL

Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).
Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).

BASEBALL

Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).
Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).

BASEBALL

Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).
Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).

BASEBALL

Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).
Wally Piker, 19-year-old (196-1960).



Fallen Champion Kaganawa took-for-granted and defeat after beating push by Challenger Naruse on opening day of summer nats wrestling tournament in Tokyo. Kaganawa was one of those grand champions who were upset by lesser-known opponents.

COMING EVENTS

June 1 through June 10

FRIDAY, JUNE 1

Auto Racing
NASCAR 150-lap Coors title Championship Sprint race, Colorado City.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Brooklyn, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Larry Rasmussen vs. Frankie Byrd, lightweights, Madison Square Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Show

Oak Brook Polo Club show, Hinsdale, Ill. (through June 3).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Palo Alto, Calif.

Track & Field

Compton Invitational, Compton, Calif.

Weight Lifting

AAU Senior championships, Philadelphia (also June 2).

SATURDAY, JUNE 2

Baseball

● New York vs. Detroit, New York, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)

● Boston vs. Kansas City, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Eng Show

Lester Day Club show, Medford, Mass.

Horse Racing

The Kent, \$15,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Park, Garden City.
Fifth Run Handicap, \$15,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Horse Show

Blue Ridge Hunt Club show, Woodstock, Va.

Hunt Racing

Downer Meeting, Louisville.

Lacrosse

Army vs. Maryland I.C., West Point, N.Y.

Boxing

Canadian Schoolboy championships, St. Catharines, Ont.

Swimming

Protection Island Invitational race, Seattle.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Newport Beach, Calif.

Track & Field

Municipal Games, Baltimore.
South Texas Association championships, Cedar Creek, Texas.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3

Auto Racing

Grand Prix of Belgium, Spa, Belgium.
NASCAR 150-mile Grand National Championship Sprint race, Miami, Fla.
Texas National Championship Sports Car races, Fort Worth.

Baseball

● New York vs. Detroit, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Eng Show

Hamington District Hunted Club show, Hamington Cent., Mass.

Horse Show

Florida Quarter Horse show, Ocala, Texas.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, La Jolla, Calif.

Track & Field

AAU 10-kilometer Walk, Dayton.

MONDAY, JUNE 4

Baseball

● Birmingham vs. Little Rock, Birmingham, Southern Association, 7:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Tony (Taxi) Gonzalez vs. Hardy (Barzoka) Smallwood, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

Motorcycle Racing

International Tourist Trophy race, Isle of Man, England (through June 3).

Boxing

● Montreal vs. Edmonton, Alberta (through June 5).

Track & Field

AAU Army championships, Ft. MacArthur, Calif. (through June 5).

TUESDAY, JUNE 5

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Pittsburgh, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. E.S.T. (Mutual*)

Boxing

Archie Moore vs. Yolande Penney, light heavyweights, London (10 rds., world championship).

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6

Baseball

● Boston vs. Detroit, Boston, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Bobby Boyd vs. Mike Savage, middleweights, Chicago Stadium, Chicago (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Golf

John Jacob Bond Robo, \$15,000, New Rochelle, N.Y. (through June 10).
PGA Triumf Handicap, \$12,000, Virginia Beach, Va. (through June 10).

Horse Racing

Upson Derby, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old colts and fillies, Crown Downs, England.
Miss Chicago Stakes, \$10,000, 5 1/2 1/2, 3-yr.-old fillies, Belmont at Washington Park, Chicago.
The Juvenile, \$25,000, 3 1/2, 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Trap Shooting

Illinois State shoot, Decatur, Ill. (through June 10).

THURSDAY, JUNE 7

Baseball

● New York vs. Kansas City, New York, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual*)

Cricket

First Test Match, England vs. Australia, Nottingham, England.

Fencing

National Championship tournament, New York (through June 10).

Golf

French Amateur championship, La Roche, France (through June 10).

Horse Racing

The M. M. Test, \$20,000, Livorno, Mich.

Horse Show

Idaho Equine show, Boise, Idaho (through June 9).

Boxing

Eastern Oregon State Show rules, Union, Ore. (through June 9).

FRIDAY, JUNE 8

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Philadelphia, Chicago, 3:25 p.m. E.S.T. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Floyd Patterson vs. Tommy (Henriquet) Jackson, heavyweights, Madison Square Garden, New York (12 rds., championship elimination) 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf

Corrie Cap Ladies International Match, U.S. vs. Great Britain, Sandwich, England (also June 9).
Tournament of Amateur Champions, Inverlorn, Pa. (through June 10).

Horse Racing

Golden Gate, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old fillies, Golden Downs, England.

Horse Show

El Rado Shrine show, Cedar Rapids, Iowa (through June 10).
Lake Forest show, Lake Forest, Ill. (through June 10).

Track & Field

NASA championships, San Diego (also June 9).
U. of Western Invitational Meet, Houston.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9

Auto Racing

14th Fiero Sports Car race, Seelye (also June 10).

Baseball

● Cincinnati vs. Brooklyn, Cincinnati, 1:25 p.m. E.S.T. (CBS*)

● New York vs. Cleveland, New York, 1:35 p.m. (Mutual*)

WFLA College World Series, Omaha (through June 10)

Boxing

Marlin Rodriguez vs. Cio Morosan, featherweights, Havana (12 rds.).

Eng Show

Marjorie Kessel Club show, Anchorage, Alaska (also June 10).

Greenwich Kennel Club show, Greenwich, Conn.

Horse Racing

Argonaut Handicap, \$25,000, 1 mile, 3-yr.-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.
Coaching Club American Oaks, \$50,000 1 1/2 miles, 3-yr.-old fillies, Belmont Park, N.Y.
The Chicagoan, \$50,000, 1 mile, 3-yr.-olds, Belmont at Washington Park, Chicago.
The Leonard Roberts, \$15,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old, Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.

Horse Show

Central Arabian Arabian Horse show, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Boxing

N.Y. Athletic Club Open regatta, New York.

Track & Field

Central Collegiate Conference Invitational, Milwaukee

Senior Metropolitan Association championships, New York.

South Atlantic Association championships, Baltimore

South Pacific Association, 10,000-meter championships, Los Angeles.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10

Auto Racing

NASCAR 254-mile Grand National Championship Drag race, Memphis.
BASC 100-mile Championship race, Milwaukee.

Baseball

● New York vs. Cleveland, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Eng Show

San Jacinto Valley Kennel Club show, Belvoir, N.Y.

Western Stage Kennel Club show, Grand Junction, Cal.

Golf

● Palm Beach Round Robin, \$10,000, New Rochelle, N.Y. (first day), 4 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Show

Coventry Horse show, Fort Worth.

Olympics

Swedishmen Games, Stockholm, Sweden (through June 17).

Swimming

Los Angeles-Tahiti Ocean race, Los Angeles.

Skiing

Golden Race (downhill), Mt. Hood, Ore.

Track & Field

25 kilometer Walk, Pittsburgh.

*See local listing

● TV ● COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED.

The Pirates (Mr. Long) and the Yankees (Mr. Mantle)

made bright headlines. But news was darker about the

INDIAN SUMMER

SAD is the Molt of the Cleveland baseball fan. He turns out a million strong each year to watch his Indians play, but during his nine- or 10- inning stay in Municipal Stadium he spends so much time seeing his favorite as he does cheering them. And the next day he is almost certain to be telling his neighbor or the fellows he works with just how bad those Indians looked.

If someone reminds him that the Indians have compiled a remarkable record over the past eight years (averaging 84 victories a season, second in all major league baseball only to the New York Yankees, who have averaged 87½), and that they are at the moment firmly established in second place (which is where they usually are), his retort is to reply: "Second. That's right. Second to the Yankees. They're always second. They can't beat the Yankees." And that, in a sentence, is the trouble with Cleveland. They finish second, not first.

Of course, as Al Lopez, the patient, reasonable, intelligent man who manages the Indians, points out, the trouble is not so much with the Indians as it is with the Yankees. Cleveland's good teams finish second only because New York's better teams finish first: the only high place left is second. Is this degraded? In the last two seasons only Cleveland has beaten the Yankees to the pennant, and they've

done that twice: in 1948 and again in 1954. If it were up to the rest of the league, New York would have won every American League championship since 1947.

Moreover, in the latest building of overweening Yankee superiority—six pennants since 1949 in the seven-year managerial tenure of Casey Stengel—only one American League team has been able to defeat the Yankees directly in the series of 25 games each club plays with each other every season. Which? The Indians.

These are sound, solid arguments in favor of the Indians as a ball team, but they won't sell the Cleveland fans. Their dissatisfaction with being "champions of the American League outside New York" is a compliment to their own high standards and possibly their patriotism. If you remember the advertising slogan that insisted, "It's an American to want something better."

Unhappy Cleveland wants something better. The veterans have had enough of second place; they want to be first. And they don't understand why they can't. They point to the great Cleveland pitching. Pitching is 75% of baseball, they declare. The Indians have the greatest pitching staff in major league history. In the last two seasons, they argue, the Chicago White Sox have had only one 25-game winner. The Boston Red Sox have had

only three. Even the awe-inspiring Yankees have had only one. Cleveland has had 14. With pitching like that, why do the Indians finish second?

The principal reason—if you will forget the power of the Yankees for a moment—is that in essence the Cleveland team is an amalgam of pitching set in a sea of mediocrity. The baseball axiom that pitching is 75% of baseball does not mean that you can get along without the other 25%. Yet the industry triad, since that remaining 25% presumably includes hitting, fielding, base running and thinking, the Indians struggle, stagger and finish second.

The bleak fact is that the Indians are simply not a very good team. They have one excellent all-around ballplayer in powerful Al Smith, who can hit and field and throw and run bases and think. Power-hitting Al Rosen, Most Valuable Player in the league in 1953, has been hampered since by numerous injuries to finger, thigh and wrist. He has been a valuable, if erratic, player, but the fact that he is no longer the most valuable player infuriates a segment of the Cleveland citizenry. These spectators have singled Rosen out as a target. They boo him for almost everything he does, even when he gets hurt. **31, May 28.**

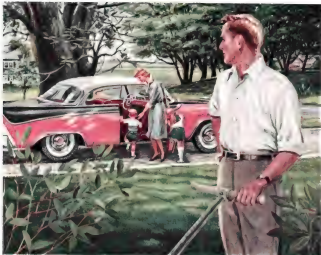
UNDERMIGHT HITTING

Rosen has been out of the lineup since he lugged his knee blocking third base against an meddling runner, and Gene Woodling, a good outfielder, has been hit. Their substitutes, the Ephyra Twins, Ruly Regalado and Reneo Colaforte, were bad trouble in literally hitting their weight, and neither weighs as much as 250. Smith has not been hitting the way he should. Neither has anyone else, really, except the ball-headed Pennsylvania Dutchman, Vic Wertz, who has recovered beautifully from the pain he sustained late last year and who is coming up with a .300-plus average and a clutch of home runs. Wertz, however, isn't enough. Unless their few big men hit, the Indians suffer, because their hitting averages long stretched out desert when battles should be fought. The Whitesox, between the Indians had a lineup with only four men hitting better than .215.

The Indians' aggression this hitting this year has been hurt bad, with enough, they refuse to complain about their fielding, though in truth it is consistently less than brilliant, particularly in the infield. But they point with pride to Smith, to Jim Busby,

(Continued on page 17)





If even a trifling doubt is a big worry...

THE TRIFLING DOUBTS you feel on today are the times times you ever had. But it's still true that one tire blow-out if it's not through severely damaged, And a blowout could claim a life if it occurred at high speeds.

Now—Goodyear's new Nylon Cord Lifeguard Blow-out Shield gives you proven protection—a blowout reserve of air to prevent the terrible tragedy that can result from blowout accidents.

Nylon Cord Lifeguard Blow-out Shields fit all makes of tubular tires and are less than half the cost of famous Lifeguard tubes. Your Goodyear dealer will mount your Blow-out Shields in minutes... give you our blowout protection! Goodyear, Akron, Ohio.



LIFEGUARD BLOWOUT SHIELDS

GOODYEAR

Look for this sign: there's a Goodyear dealer near you. Lifeguard, T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Enter Today!

'Puritan'
\$50,000

Father's Day Festival!

IT'S EASY! NOTHING TO DO OR BUY!
JUST FILL OUT ENTRY SLIP
AT YOUR FAVORITE GROCERY!

Enter today... your chance to win! And, don't forget to see Fox Post's striking new "Multimedia International" magazine... available for a limited time to celebrate the launch of Fox Post.

FIRST PRIZE!
4 BIG
PRIZES IN 1!



1. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000
 2. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000
 3. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000
 4. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000
 5. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000
 6. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000
 7. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000
 8. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000
 9. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000
 10. 10-15-04 20-000000 20-000000



1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**
 6. **References**



Monday, November 10
in the afternoon I
 went to the
 library to
 study.

AP® and **IB®** are trademarks of the College Board, which is not affiliated with, and does not endorse, this product.



ISLANDER NORTH: Northern 1/2, 1-acre, planted on 10/1/00, well established, cutting
WITH WATER SKIS: Bonnierwood Sport skirt... \$3.95, Lined to Short... \$5.00
Kneelings: Bonnierwood Sport skirt... \$3.95, Lined to Laid to the
 "Trunk"... \$5.00
Mixed in Bonnierwood: Bonnierwood 1/2, 1-acre, 10/1/00... \$2.00, Bonnierwood... \$2.00

ISLANDER (ART): Far Eastern accents in the Malluan Room (Hawaiian With Spear-gun Singapore Sportskit, .35.00, Temple Shirt, .45.00) **Knockings:** (Jazz of China Sportskit, .45.00, Temple Shirt, .45.00) **Skin-offers:** (Delhi Sportskit, .35.95, Delhi Isle Swim Trunk, .35.00).

**1,843
MORE
BIG
PRIZES!**

**6 MORE
WAGGY TRIPS
TO \$101**

**7 MORE COLLECT-
IBLES
SERIES**



500 Vacuum Cleaner Prize
The "Dust Buster" vacuum cleaner is a new, modern, efficient, and powerful vacuum cleaner. It is a must-have for every home.



500 Free Home Appliance
The "Dust Buster" vacuum cleaner is a new, modern, efficient, and powerful vacuum cleaner. It is a must-have for every home.



500 Modern Modern
The "Dust Buster" vacuum cleaner is a new, modern, efficient, and powerful vacuum cleaner. It is a must-have for every home.



500 Free Sewing Machine
The "Dust Buster" vacuum cleaner is a new, modern, efficient, and powerful vacuum cleaner. It is a must-have for every home.



500 Free Sewing Machine
The "Dust Buster" vacuum cleaner is a new, modern, efficient, and powerful vacuum cleaner. It is a must-have for every home.



500 Vacuum Cleaner Prize
The "Dust Buster" vacuum cleaner is a new, modern, efficient, and powerful vacuum cleaner. It is a must-have for every home.



500 Free Home Appliance
The "Dust Buster" vacuum cleaner is a new, modern, efficient, and powerful vacuum cleaner. It is a must-have for every home.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES!

1. Go to your local newspaper store or department store. Buy one Puritan's Day Ticket for \$1.00.
2. Fill in an every day, draw of your name. Draw on Puritan's Day. Buy one Puritan's Day Ticket for \$1.00.
3. Have 1-14 tickets to be mailed. Write your name through the name of Puritan's Day. Buy one Puritan's Day Ticket for \$1.00.
4. All tickets of Puritan's Day are mailed. Buy one Puritan's Day Ticket for \$1.00.
5. The Puritan's Day Ticket is a must-have for every home. Buy one Puritan's Day Ticket for \$1.00.

**ENTER NOW! PURITAN'S DAY
MARCH 11, 1961**

**PLUS! MORE THAN 1000
BEACON GLOBE-TROTTER
CAMERA OUTFITS!**

Over 1000 camera outfits for sale. Buy one Puritan's Day Ticket for \$1.00.



puritan
SPORTSWEAR
1000 MILLER AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y.



ISLANDER WEST: Over 1000 camera outfits for sale. Buy one Puritan's Day Ticket for \$1.00.
Knitting: Dorian's Beach Pillow... \$5.00, Canada Bay... \$2.00.
With Pips: Jamaica Sports... \$3.00, Canada Shirt... \$5.00, Canada Cap... \$1.00.
Walking: Seattle Sports... \$3.00, Carle Shirt... \$5.00.

ISLANDER SOUTH: Over 1000 camera outfits for sale. Buy one Puritan's Day Ticket for \$1.00.
Knitting: Canada Sports... \$3.00, Jolly Sea House... \$2.00.
With Pips: Wash House Terry Pin-Shirt... \$3.00, King Shirt... \$5.00.
Girl's St. Thomas Jacket... \$5.00, Queen Shirt... \$5.00.
Boy's St. Thomas Jacket... \$5.00, King Shirt... \$5.00, Cap... \$1.00.



THINK



...and you'll drink

Red Cap



first, think of the lightest almost wet, yet over-toned

next, think of the extra layers and "layers" that only people can give

now, think of them both together. That's RED CAP—the lightest almost wet! Now, time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP. Carling's Red Cap Ale.

*I am thinking . . .
so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .
Carling's RED CAP Ale*



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S



BASEBALL

Continued from page 121

who is a flat center fielder, to young Colavito, a right fielder with a good arm, and to Jim Hagan, the fine veteran catcher who is undoubtedly an important adjunct to the gold-plated pitching staff.

They trust that Rosen, of all people, has played wonderfully well at third base. They insist Second Baseman Bobby Avila is "a good ballplayer and he plays a good second base." They say Chico Carrasquel has been sprightly and sharp at shortstop.

Maybe so. But maybe, too, the standards of fielding value in Cleveland are lower than elsewhere. Rosen has always felled well only in arrears, depending on how well healed his injuries were at the moment. The sad truth is that Carrasquel is not the shortstop he used to be, and that Avila is only an ordinary second baseman. And Wertz, cheerful, courageous and strong though he may be, is a bad first baseman.

It is a tribute to the pitching and to the patient skill of Al Lopez that the Indians have had such a consistently good record. The pitching staff has four superb starting pitchers (Bob Lemon, Early Wynn, Herb Score and Mike Garcia) and two equally good relief pitchers (Don Moss and Ray Nariehl). Such stalwarts as Art Houtteman and the aging (37) Bobby Feller are a strategic reserve. Lopez, who understands men, baseball and the law of averages, does not panic in adversity. He puts the best players he has on the field. But his best are not good enough. He plays them anyway and suffers in silence, choosing not to blame his players for failing to possess the skill he wishes they had.

If he covets Casey Stengel's perennial wealth of good young players and wonders why so many of the bright Indian prospects seem to wilt in the glare of the major leagues, his yearnings are understandable.

In Boston they blame their front office operation, and the same criticism

continued on next page

X-RAY

TEAM STANDING

For Week (1-7)	5 (1)	Games (To May 17)
St. Louis	7-0	100
Philadelphia	6-1	95
Pittsburgh	5-1	90
Cincinnati	4-2	85
Baltimore	3-3	80
New York	3-3	75
Washington	2-4	70
Chicago	1-5	65

AMERICAN LEAGUE

For Week (1-7)	5 (1)	Games (To May 17)
Chicago	3-1	70
New York	2-2	65
Philadelphia	2-2	60
Baltimore	1-3	55
Washington	1-3	50
St. Louis	0-4	45
Cleveland	0-4	40
Pittsburgh	0-4	35
Detroit	0-4	30
Los Angeles	0-4	25
San Francisco	0-4	20

HEROES AND GOATS

THE LEADER (To May 17)

Team	Player	Pos.	Runs
St. Louis	Stan Musial	1B	100
Philadelphia	Paul Richards	2B	95
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	90
Cincinnati	Frank Robinson	1B	85
Baltimore	Calvin Coker	1B	80
New York	Tom Seaver	P	75
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	70
Chicago	Carl Yastrzemski	1B	65
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	OF	60
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	1B	55
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	50
Los Angeles	Tom Seaver	P	45
San Francisco	Tom Seaver	P	40

TEAM LEADER

Team	Player	Pos.	Runs
St. Louis	Stan Musial	1B	100
Philadelphia	Paul Richards	2B	95
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	90
Cincinnati	Frank Robinson	1B	85
Baltimore	Calvin Coker	1B	80
New York	Tom Seaver	P	75
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	70
Chicago	Carl Yastrzemski	1B	65
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	OF	60
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	1B	55
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	50
Los Angeles	Tom Seaver	P	45
San Francisco	Tom Seaver	P	40

AND SO ON (To May 17)

Team	Player	Pos.	Runs
St. Louis	Stan Musial	1B	100
Philadelphia	Paul Richards	2B	95
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	90
Cincinnati	Frank Robinson	1B	85
Baltimore	Calvin Coker	1B	80
New York	Tom Seaver	P	75
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	70
Chicago	Carl Yastrzemski	1B	65
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	OF	60
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	1B	55
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	50
Los Angeles	Tom Seaver	P	45
San Francisco	Tom Seaver	P	40

HEROES AND GOATS

THE LEADER (To May 17)

Team	Player	Pos.	Runs
St. Louis	Stan Musial	1B	100
Philadelphia	Paul Richards	2B	95
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	90
Cincinnati	Frank Robinson	1B	85
Baltimore	Calvin Coker	1B	80
New York	Tom Seaver	P	75
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	70
Chicago	Carl Yastrzemski	1B	65
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	OF	60
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	1B	55
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	50
Los Angeles	Tom Seaver	P	45
San Francisco	Tom Seaver	P	40

TEAM LEADER

Team	Player	Pos.	Runs
St. Louis	Stan Musial	1B	100
Philadelphia	Paul Richards	2B	95
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	90
Cincinnati	Frank Robinson	1B	85
Baltimore	Calvin Coker	1B	80
New York	Tom Seaver	P	75
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	70
Chicago	Carl Yastrzemski	1B	65
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	OF	60
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	1B	55
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	50
Los Angeles	Tom Seaver	P	45
San Francisco	Tom Seaver	P	40

AND SO ON (To May 17)

Team	Player	Pos.	Runs
St. Louis	Stan Musial	1B	100
Philadelphia	Paul Richards	2B	95
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	90
Cincinnati	Frank Robinson	1B	85
Baltimore	Calvin Coker	1B	80
New York	Tom Seaver	P	75
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	70
Chicago	Carl Yastrzemski	1B	65
St. Louis	Enos Slaughter	OF	60
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	1B	55
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	50
Los Angeles	Tom Seaver	P	45
San Francisco	Tom Seaver	P	40

Brazilian Ombre in Pioneer.

The world of a man.

From the land of the

Samba comes

rhythm-in-color . . .

4-toned hues born on

a coffee plantation

south southwest of Rio!

Bright in blended tones

the look with

colorful comfort.

Supple leather front

and braided back,

with leather-covered

side rings. \$3.50



Alligator Wallet has removable pass-case, and a card lock, more living skins can be. \$3.50*

*plus tax

TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for
women golfers

from **GEORGE CONCORAN**, *Americana Country Club, Alhambra, N.Y.*

The average woman golfer addresses the ball on the tee a little self-consciously, swings like she is afraid either her arms or the club or the ball might break, and sends a looping little blooper of a drive slicing toward the rough on the right of the fairway. Why?

The reason is she won't swing hard enough at the ball. Even if she wanted to, she couldn't, because she isn't set for it. Whether from inherent modesty or conscious worry about her skirt, the average woman golfer doesn't take a wide enough stance to be able to cut loose with a good swing at the ball.

At address, the feet should be so planted that the outside of the heels are the width of the shoulders apart. This wider, firmer stance gives the golfer better balance and will enable her to move her hips normally as she pivots. By standing correctly the woman golfer can swing harder—more through the ball. This will give her five or 10 yards more distance because it increases the speed of the club head at impact. Swinging harder will also give women golfers straighter shots. Ninety per cent of women golfers slice because of their defensive attitude. Swinging away, more through the ball, gives the club head the chance it needs to meet the ball squarely at the bottom of the swing.



NEXT WEEK: LOUISE SINGH ON LINING UP THE HANDS



This
Year
It's
Kenya!



Campus to clubhouse... when the heat strikes you'll see our wonderful Kenya jackets and slacks everywhere! Their cool, air-conditioned lined waists, deep drive quilts... add new meaning.

Suits, Summer or light blue . . . \$40.50

Jackets, African colors, plus more! \$52.50

Trousers only, African colors, plus more, navy, grey, charcoal . . . \$15.00

Peak Caps, Summer, light blue, white \$1.75

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

512 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

STANDARD SHOP, DEPT. 100, 100 N. W.

1000 15th St., N.W., Wash., D.C.



While Mays wears MacGREGOR's stitched shoes made of Kangaroo leather. Look at the sole, he relies on this light, supple, extra sturdy leather for perfect comfort and fit. Look for this tag on your husband's shoes. It's your guarantee of the preference of leather to give you Australian Kangaroos—raised in the U.S.A.

Solid fiber-glass construction and safe, seagaping design have been molded together in Beetle's new

DEEP-DISH OUTBOARD

THE MOST POPULAR boat in the U.S. today is the 14-foot outboard runabout. There are a million of these craft in the country, and their popularity is easy to understand. They are inexpensive and convenient to trail behind a car, yet large enough for family picnics, fishing trips, water skiing or just plain getting out on the water. These are the standard virtues. In addition, a particular runabout happens to be safe, simple to maintain and capable of taking the new engines, that boat comes close to perfection for the average American outboarder.

One runabout that fulfills all these requirements is the Beetle Boat Company's fiber-glass Baltcaster (*see cut*). I saw the pilot model under construction last fall at Beetle's New Bedford, Mass. plant. In that early stage she looked more like a tapered shipping crate than a popularity contest winner, and Ben Clark, president of Beetle, sounded apologetic as he explained her humble birth.

The company had then—and still has—a fine-lined 13½-footer that gives a sound performance in a sea. Her only fault was that she didn't sell, not in sufficient quantity, anyway, to keep Beetle's big plant busy.

"Most of my dealer told me," said Clark, "that customers complained about her being too narrow, too low-

and too tippy. And they said that her fiber-glass deck wasn't as attractive as mahogany. I know she's a good design, but I'm tired of trying to educate the buyer. So I decided to give them what they wanted."

In giving the customers what they asked for, Beetle did not give up on the basic fiber-glass construction. In the master-st design, however, the company did a complete about-face. The result was Baltcaster—14 feet 7 inches long, 48 inches deep and a full 4 feet 2 inches in the beam.

Her seats are mahogany. So is her forward deck, thwart and trim. The gunwale is oak inside and mahogany outside. When varnished, these wooden parts dress her up, but pose only a minor maintenance problem. There is, of course, virtually no maintenance on the hull itself, since fiber-glass neither shrinks, swells nor rots, and requires little or no paint. A Plexiglas wrap-around windshield, besides being practical, adds to her style.

When Baltcaster made her public debut at the New York Boat Show last winter, she didn't exactly take the place by storm. Admittedly she looked better than I dreamed possible from the pilot model, but still she was no beauty. A number of disarming dealers, however, placed small orders, and when their customers tried her in the

water they liked her. It was evident from her quick popularity that Beetle, in trying to produce a popular boat, had hit upon a truly fine design.

The reports were so favorable that I felt I ought to test her myself. When I showed up at the water, sitting at her moorings, she looked far more trim than she had on the showroom floor. And when she was brought alongside the dock, she seemed bigger than the average 14-footer. Three adults could sit on her forward seat. Beneath this seat were two watertight storage lockers. The center of the seat could be flipped down to provide a walk-through to the after section of the boat.

Behind the seat were two large, folding aluminum chairs, with plenty of space to walk between them. All of the chairs, on either quarter, were two watertight compartments, each large enough to contain either a standard remote fuel tank or an electric starting battery. On the stern, beneath the floorboards there was room for enough Styrofoam to deaden 150 pounds dead weight in case of swamping. Next full Styrofoam will be standard equipment; but until then any outboarder who makes the boat into deep water without it is asking for trouble.

HANDLY & QUIVER

In getting aboard, I stepped squarely on the gunwale, yet the boat hardly quivered. Walking forward and aft and then from side to side produced only an imperceptible change in trim and list. Beetle's 22½-year-old assistant sales manager, Oz Baxter, joined me on the gunwale, and although our combined weight totaled 265 pounds, Baltcaster still showed several inches of freeboard.

We then settled into the front seat, started the engine and coast off. One advantage of Baltcaster's hull design immediately became apparent. In an ordinary runabout, our 33-hp Scott-Arcator engine, even if held to idling speed, would have pushed the boat too fast for trailing. But Baltcaster's broad, flat stern dragged in the water, holding her speed low enough to satisfy even a striped-bass fisherman. We gave her more throttle. At half speed she played nicely, and at full throttle she shimmered along quite fast—about 15 mph—for a 490-pound boat carrying 405 pounds of passengers.

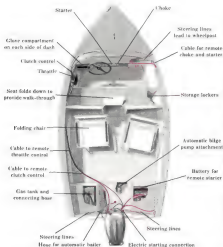
Still at full speed we turned into the waves headed up to the 10-ton wharf. Baltcaster remained perfectly dry but pounded heavily. Any small boat driven fast into a sea will give a rough ride, but Baltcaster's flat broad sections

ENGINE FULL POWER: BALTCASTER LETS HER NEW AND FLARED APPEARANCE GO TO WORK



LATEST RIGGING FOR A RUNABOUT

Dig engines and remote controls give top crane performance on low-voltage railroads.



made her pound beyond the point of reasonable comfort. At half speed, however, her motion was slow and easy.

She turned beautifully, banking smoothly, with no tendency to trip. Her broad beam did not cause the prop to come out and ease on sharp turns.

We tried backing, and the steering perfectly. When we backed straight into the choppy sea, however, heavy spray slopped aboard through the cut-down transom. A full-height transom, for use with a long-shafted motor, is available at no extra cost. In all but the most protected waters this modification is strongly recommended, since it removes the only flaw in Baitmaster's otherwise flawless design.

We put her to one last test by coming into the dock once wind. Like any

small runabout, she could have been expected to make leeway; but due to her above-average weight, she showed little tendency to slide downwind.

When we finally had her secured to the deck, after an hour of banta, I was told on her. She costs \$699 complete. A navy top with higher windshield is available for an extra \$87, and side curtains cost \$32. For those who want to pay less and do some of the work themselves, Bantle provides a bare hull — no seats, no trim, etc. — for \$387. At either price, Balconair is a lot of boat. For the money, and the outboarder public that demanded her deserves a pat on the back for laying down the specifications for one of the safest, simplest and most versatile runabouts on the market today.



Cool Sensation

BRYN E
(BRIN-TA)

APPENDIX

that evaporates moisture,
insulates your roof and walls and still

The Shift of Sports . . . long favored in Europe for golf, tennis, sailing, skiing, all outdoor games! Keep your skis lightly and unburdened, warm in breezing cold.

Wear a *Body's* under any shirt. It adds no weight . . . keeps clothing snug (over the body . . . prevents soggy summer discomfort). *Body's* against sudden cold winter

Byrne is an ingenious architect who took from a design the Vikings of Norway used for warmth. Americans discovered that Brynje is wonderfully cooling, too. It swishes air, evaporates moisture, forms a natural layer of insulation that keeps out the weather.

Bryarje Shirts are most made in America of fine cotton, woven for strength and durability. Get yours today.

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 399–405

FOR MEN AND WOMEN 8.90

Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 391–397

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 391–397

Downloaded from <http://www.sagepub.com> at www.sagepub.com on 06/11/14

Figure 1

Figure 1

References

[Home](#)
[About Us](#)
[Contact Us](#)
[Privacy Policy](#)
[Terms of Service](#)
[FAQ](#)
[Blog](#)
[Help](#)

[illegible]

More than \$7 billion — 5 of them off the track — are bet on horses in the ever-new, ever-baffling search:

BEATING THE RACES

AMERICANS are essentially gamblers by instinct," a man whose first and only love was college football has remarked. "Sure, horse racing outranks football and baseball, but it is depended on the people who think only in terms of 'improvement of the breed' the sport of racing would fall flat on its face as a public attraction. Betting is the true lure of the sport for the vast majority of racegoers, and if you conducted pari-mutuel betting on a bunch of turtle races at Yankee Stadium the same afternoon as the Belmont Stakes the chances are that both events would draw about the same attendance."

Quite possibly this fellow was unreasonably stretching his imagination. But he had boldly stated a belief shared by millions of his sport-loving contemporaries. Last year, for example, over \$2 billion was spent—perfectly legally—through the pari-mutuel machines on Thoroughbred racing (and, with nearly half a billion more spent on harness wagering, the total U.S. pari-mutuel turnover came to a staggering \$2,591,705,143).

Over twice this sum was spent on off-course—or strictly illegal—betting. This amazing figure (about five times the net income of General Motors Corporation, which is the country's No. 1 manufacturing company) is the estimate of men in the best position to know. Except to those who fear that such an innovation would dangerously increase gambling, the figure suggests a strong argument in favor of legalizing bookmaking in this country. The \$2 billion bet (legally represents a loss in terms of about \$300 million to the 24 states who take a sizable cut of all pari-mutuel handle.

The total of more than \$3½ billion which went into race betting during 1955 is approximately 50 times the combined capital investments represented by the 18 major league baseball clubs. An awesome sum, to be sure, and yet a sum which will probably be topped this year and every year to come as long as the racing busi-

ness maintains a current boom marked by the construction of new tracks and the manifold improvements of old ones designed to pack more people into the horse yards where they will discover more facilities to bet more money.

Probably no more than 25% of all U.S. track patrons know how to interpret the past-performance charts found daily in *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*. The *Form* may point out that a horse won three of his last four starts, but rarely does the average bettor take advantage of other pertinent data such as distances of past races, caliber of opposition, weights, track conditions, jockey changes and a dozen other variables that go into the calculation of probable form. Essentially superstitious, the average horse player as often as not follows a last-minute hunch.

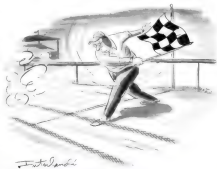
To the man who has thrilled to the deep and incomparable satisfaction that comes only from having doped out a winner all on his own, there is usually born, sooner or later, the idea that

there must be a system to beat the races. There is no such system, although it is also fair to say there can and should be method in betting. True, a handful of professional gamblers, among the thousands who give the horses their business, manage to make more than expenses. The so-called \$2 better gains little over the long run except experience and a lot of fun. But racing need not be costly for the moderate bettor if he is intelligent and disciplined, and if he treats the experience as fun rather than as an open-war project to bring home all the money in the vault.

USE GOOD JUDGMENT

Far be it from me to sermonize on how to spend your racing money, but if you're going to spend it at all I wouldn't get involved with buying up a library of pamphlets which come under the group heading of "How I Beat the Races." Similarly, the value of a number of slide-rule calculators and handicapping gadgets is pretty questionable, although their manufacturers will gladly point out any number of instances where the right manipulation of a slide rule has coincided with the final result of a race. Seek advice sensibly, and don't be ashamed to let a truly evaluated opinion be your guide.

If you have only slight working knowledge of the significance attached to the past-performance charts, I would suggest two avenues of sound information. One is the list of program selections or morning line odds (the first, or



opening, odds listed after each horse's name as well as on the tote board). The other source is the consensus of opinion of a half dozen or more selected handicappers who rate the horses at every track daily in the *Telegraph and News*. Remember, the men whose opinions these figures represent are professionals paid specifically for their knowledge of racing form. Even the best of them is rarely right more than 30% of the time, but that's a better average than that of the man who knows nothing about handicapping. Don't necessarily agree with the consensus, but weigh its opinion carefully—and in conjunction with your own—before betting.

Favorites win an average of 35% of the time on all tracks. Persistent betting on them would result in a few periodic profits, but an overall loss. A certain jockey may be in a hot streak, but it is usually unprofitable to play the jacks. Riders like Amara, Shoemaker and Hartack very often create a false price on their mounts, and there's no possible way of telling, at the start of a meeting, which jockey among 30 or more riders is about to launch a winning streak. Only if, for example, you had felt last April 2 that Bill Boland was destined to be the leading rider at the Jamaica spring meeting could you have turned a profit by betting Boland mounts. A \$3 win ticket on each of his 202 rides (which between 12, was scored 37 times and tied 25 times) would have earned you profits of \$47.19. Had you held the same hunch about any of the other jockeys at Jamaica, you would have come home a loser.

Experienced bettors—and most of them admit they are what you must say periodical losers—advise against betting except on 9-11. Place and show bets are really unsatisfactory investments in the future and as for betting across-the-board, a combination ticket, usually \$10 or \$15 on each horse to win, place or show, it is, as the oldtimers will tell you, "asking a horse to do three things all at once."

Obviously there is a tremendous amount to be said about betting. It's an intriguing subject which I hope we can return to often in the future. The important point I'll leave you with now, however, is that you shouldn't feel obligated to bet every race any more than you would feel it necessary to play out every poker hand. Have an opinion of your own and stick with it. If you bet, do so within your means and consider it fun. But if you plan on making a lot of money, forget it. It can't be done. (RGP)



RACING OR WATCHING

Sun's more fun with Ray-Ban G-15 Sun Glasses!

Whipping a sports car through a curve or just watching it go by, you'll see better in the sun with Ray-Ban G-15 Sun Glasses. You get cool, stress relief glare protection from three essential rays—made of flawless optical glass, ground

and polished-to-curve. Lifespan: 1/100,000. Gold-filled frames.

"Write for folder, 'Your Round Glass Protection'." Harwich & Leach Optical Co., 92-14-1 Smith St., Rochester 2, N.Y.

Ray-Ban lenses are ground to exact prescription. Consult your Optician, Ophthalmologist or Ophthalmologist.

ASK FOR BANDER 4 LONG RAY-BAN® SUN GLASSES

The Most Distinguished Name in Sun Glasses

SPORTSMAN

Grooming Essentials!



The After-Shave Lotion that real men are happy to use—every day! Sportsman is refreshing as a spring breeze. Only \$1.99

Copyright ©1980, The Sportsman Shave Products, Inc.





Save miles and minutes with an

Airguide AUTO COMPASS

Points the right way all the way. Neatly styled for today's smart car interiors. Fits all cars, easy to install and adjust, easy to read.

Super-power Alnico V Magnet and aircraft type components assure steady dependable performance under all driving conditions. Three models to choose from —

No. 10 ILLUMINATED \$5.95

No. 10 W/ILLUMINATED (No car power) \$9.95

No. 10 ILLUMINATED (with battery and compass) \$10.95

CHOICE OF 8 BRIGHT COLORS IN EACH MODEL



Made and Guaranteed by

AIRGUIDE INSTRUMENT COMPANY
CHICAGO 41, ILLINOIS

A Trout, no doubt!



If you're an ardent angler, you'll have yourself a time in Ontario. And no wonder — our water and trout fishing anywhere in the world!

EVERYONE FINDS FUN IN ONTARIO

So much to see and do for the sports enthusiast in this big, wonderful province.



Write today for
free travel literature

ONTARIO

Canada's Family
Worthy Vacationland

Denise McDonald, Ontario Travel Master,
Room 417, Parliament Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

• DOGS

by ALICE HIGGINS

At a prestige show it's the

UNDERDOG OVER ALL

DALMATIANS HAVE for generations adorned dresshouses and livery stables, run under coaches and even starred in the circus. Now there are fewer carriages and the spotted dog often serves as a companion and guard. (There was once a Dalmatian named Delilah who took her guard duties so seriously that she barked herself to death in a fit of frustration brought on by the presence of a high fence between her and a hated gas meter reader.) But



SPOTTED DOG IS BEST OF THE DAY

the breed has not often been taken seriously by judges at the biggest dog shows.

Not until last week, that is, when a distinguished Dalmatian named Round-roach Rounder, a 27-month-old from Pennsylvania, won the big best-in-show bowl at Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Morris and Romer near Madison, New Jersey. '81, May 21.

Before the fateful decision, the disfiguring process of selection that makes a dog show had lasted nearly 18 hours. In the 32 rings spread out on the springy turf of the Gladys Farms' polo field 32 judges went about their business of judging the dogs in the atmosphere of an overgrown lawn party.

LOOK TWICE



of Lone Star's New

ADMIRAL DELUXE!

First, to believe an aluminum boat could reflect such fabulous styling! Second, to believe a 14-footer could capture all the fun of today's high-powered motor....and then some!

Maintenance-free—wider, deeper... Lone Star's ADMIRAL DELUXE is truly the look-no-one boat! Performance Designed with Aquadynamic styling, and exclusive Power-Bar transmission specifically engineered for big motors. Be sure to look it over at your Lone Star dealer, only \$549.00.



ALUMINUM AND FIBERGLAS BOATS • COLUMBIA • TOWERS

Join
Archery
Now

"I'm Sitting Pretty"
**Got My Buck
With a Bear!**

NOW is the time to practice and give for your own bowhunting skills in 1958! Already, "Spring Training" is in full swing — so join your Bear Archery Dealer today. Send now for new free 20-page Catalog "BA".

BEAR ARCHERY CO.
Grayling, Michigan

Bear
GLASS-POWERED
BOWS

For Those Who Want The Best

Ferraris flapped and tents billowed in the brisk wind, but the sun shone brightly on the 6,000 spectators who munchd frankfurters and homemade cake while absorbing the spectacle. Dogs of all sizes and shapes—2,001 of them—were scrutinized by knowing eyes, led by searching hands, paraded by proud handlers or nervous owners.

Tension grew as the time for cardinals on the variety groups drew near, and even the dogs quivered in anticipation. The sporting group was the first considered, and 14 breed winners circled on the thick grass. A classic pointer, Ch. Pinetree's Coeur Gilt, owned by Jean H. Bonmaster Jr. and handled by veteran Showman Charles Meyer, was awarded the group prize.

A CHOICE OF THINGS

Then the dogs trotted perkily over the turf. Perhaps the wind flattened the fluff of toy poodle Ch. Wilbur White-Swan, best-in-show at Westminster '61, Feb. 27, and Boston, but it seemed like the day for the smooth-haired dogs. A sleek pug, Ch. Pugville's Mayhe Superstee, handled by Walter Foster, was placed by the vocal number one, Scottish terriers paraded into the rope-enclosed quadrangle to vie for their group honor, and it went to a trim miniature schneider, Ch. Phil-Mans Gay Knight, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Aspasch and handled by Mrs. Aspasch.

The working dogs, 11 strong, paraded with a ryle and Mrs. Jonett Shumack's boxer, held Ch. Baroque of Quality III, a many-time "best," was the victor.

Charles Meyer brought Mrs. S. K. Altman Jr.'s gay Dalmatian, Roadcoach Roadster, for judgment in the nonsporting group. The dog, bred from victorias at Greensboro, N.C. and Winston-Salem, earned confidence. He accepted married applause and first prize with a showman's gusto.

Again Meyer entered the ring, this time with an Afghan in the hound group. Marlene Jagger's Ch. Mayna Monodak, the famous-ragging hound, promptly took first and left Meyer with the rare experience of having three dogs go for best-in-show. He chose to handle the Dalmatian.

Across the grass in the long shadows stood the finalists, the six group winners, outstanding dogs all. But Ch. Roadcoach Roadster, tall, rangy and stepping as proudly as the horses his ancestors once ran by, upholding the honor of countless thoroughbreds, surrounded the big award. Some earnest spectators—least of all Roadcoach—when he got it.

END



Pack more fun into your vacation with Aluminum!

That golf cart, for instance. Rolls like a feather, folds quickly, stores neatly. It's just naturally more fun because it's aluminum—Alcoa® Aluminum. And that's exactly why it's extra strong, stays new-looking longer with less care. Whatever your plans for summer playdays, you'll find bright new ideas in sporting goods of aluminum—from car-top boats to outdoor grills—at the store with the Alcoa "PLAYDAY, USA," display (and on the next 7 pages).

Look for this Label on Golf Carts
IT'S YOUR GUIDE TO THE BEST
IN ALUMINUM VALUE



1st of 8 Playday Hints
More to come on next right hand page!



**There Are Reasons Why
Price-Winning Fishermen
Prefer True Temper Rods**

Millions of sportsmen use True Temper rods with a pride of possession that's unequalled in any other brand. These solid and tubular glass rods are recognized as the leader . . . with many exclusive features for fishing at the limit. For instance . . .

**Foolproof
Chuck-Type Foregrip
Never Jams**



There's no better way to hold rod tip snugly in handle. Or to release it in a jiffy. The big, rugged threads won't stick or jam . . . and there's no time because it's hard to lose. Foregrips are solid aluminum, light and strong.

**Other True Temper
Rod Features Millions
of Fishermen Like**

- Perforated holds, a beautiful pearl-like coating, instant long-lasting protection.
- New 3-piece handle rods not damaging reels.
- Spacelock reel grip to keep reel on or off in a flash.
- 1976 selection of spinning rods includes new tubular aluminum handle . . . holds reel in rigid alignment.

Tell Your Dealer I Want True Temper
RODS . . . REELS . . . LURES

TRUE TEMPER

Fishingackle Division
Anderson, S. Carolina

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 55 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

AM. WILDERNESS

IN THE United States there are some 145 areas officially classified as wilderness. Some are included in national forests, parks and monuments, wildlife refuges or on Indian reservations, and all are virtually roadless. None, though, enjoys any congressional guarantee that it will be perpetually maintained in a wilderness state.

Before June 8 Senator Hubert Humphrey (Dem.) of Minnesota will introduce a bill which he calls the National Wilderness Preservation Act and which will make it illegal to tamper further with these areas.

Senator Humphrey's bill reflects the sentiment of many Americans that in a rapidly expanding economy some undisturbed wilderness free from any economic activity is a spiritual necessity. Conservationists regard Humphrey's proposal as something long overdue. But they are aware that any legislation

which places so much lumber and mineral resource beyond the realm of development faces a rocky, although not impossible, road to enactment.

ACRES OF ARMY

THE ARMY DAY expanded Fort Nall, Oklahoma, onto 18,700 acres of the Wichita Mountains National Wildlife Refuge. In the course of hearings last week in Washington on a bill which would permit this, J. Clark Salyer, Chief, Branch of Wildlife Refuges of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, has some strong points to make: "This first slice of the melon is not the last one . . . The 18,700-acre loss will curtail wildlife by 35%. I am sure this is a continued mowing . . . The Army has de-occupied its war-occupied lands—Japan, for instance—but not our refuges. I think the first destroyer of our wildlife is our Defense Department. We



CAT CONFUSED

The great sandwiches had it oddities, among them a tomato in the more or less civilized town of Manhattan a few miles north of New York City.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ball were startled to see their cat Pepper march into the house carrying a wriggling but unharmed baby rabbit. Unaccustomed to dealing with wildlife, they relieved Pepper of the cottontail, popped it into a shoe box and gave Pepper a severe dressing down. Unimpressed, Pepper wandered out the next morning and returned shortly with another bunny. This required another shoe box, and

in the battle Pepper returned with his third rabbit. As wife and son ran out of shoe boxes, the Balls hunted the local SPCA, but before it could intervene, Pepper had produced rabbit number four, and a neighbor had taken over the warth from a bewildered but thankful Ball family. That should be the end of an intriguing tale, but a day later Pepper presented the Balls with a fifth rabbit. As usual they slapped it in a shoe box and donated it to neighborhood. All five bunnies are now thriving, but one Manhattan citizen was heard to mutter: "That cat could use a good psychiatrist."

have become a race of midjet-minded people riding around on trucks and super guns which aren't fit without destroying our economy and the refugees at the same time. . . . Make no mistake about it, any land the Army takes over will be a private hunting club for the higher echelon, plus some civilians who play the Army game."

Solyer, in his obvious anger, also referred to the Air Force, which has already taken one million acres from the Desert Game Range in Nevada, home of the last remaining major big-horn sheep herd in the country; some 1,500 animals strong, and is now demanding another 750,000, which means just about all that is left.

The Army answered clearly and firmly. It is expanding west from Fort Sill, where it is buying 20,000 acres of private property as an "impact" area. The refuge land is needed as a buffer zone in the overriding interest of public safety.

GUESS WHAT?

CHARLIE GARDIN, manager of sporting goods department at Rich's in

Knoxville, Tenn., is something of a skeptic. He doubts many of the thousand tales about "the one that got away," and feels the game is all taken. Recently Charlie placed a weight under a box and attached it to a spinning outfit through a small hole in the top. He then put his constituents on display and offered the entire rig to that person who could hold the reel and guess closest to the weight.

More than 100 well-known anglers tried their luck and only six came within a pound of the correct answer. Winner was Price Wilkins, a Tennessee fishing biologist who estimated one pound, actual weight of the hidden "fish." It was one—but, said Charlie Gardin to an SI correspondent, "you'd be surprised at the number of fishermen who guessed up around 15 and 20 pounds."

THE LONG HAND

Forty years ago, after the conservationists had battled for decades for

a neopolitical Wildlife and Fisheries Commission, Louisiana voters approved a constitutional amendment which created one. Last week newly elected Governor Earl K. Long (heir of the late Huey) blatantly threw

(continued on next page)



Aluminum travels light!

No muscle men here! Simply a wise family who took their playday out from Alcoa® Aluminum in choosing this car-top boat and outboard motor. Now they pick up and go boating wherever they like—it's pounds easier with lifable aluminum! But how about durability? That's where aluminum shines. Handsome, strong aluminum resists corrosion, can't rust—stays shipshape years longer with lots less attention. That's the beauty of it!

Look for this Label on Boats and Outboard Motors. IT'S YOUR GUIDE TO THE BEST IN ALUMINUM VALUE



2nd of 8 Playday Hints
More to come on next
right hand page!



Webster SLACKS

YEAR 'ROUND
WEIGHT

WASH 'N
WEAR
CARBONITE

55% CACBON
45% RAYON ACETATE

Machin washable,
completely dries
within one hour,
ready to wear,
requires no pressing

SIZES
28 to 42 waist,
proportioned fit,
regular, long, short

COLORS

Teal, Brown,
Steel Blue,
Slipper Grey,
Charcoal

retail
about

\$995

At better class men's stores

B. F. SPENCER ASSOCIATES, INC.
JAMES STAFF BUILDING, N. Y. C. N. Y.

TAKE A TIP FROM



See the sensational new Feather Craft for '74. Nine-ton models for sports and fishing, all built of rugged aluminum for lasting beauty, lasting pleasure. Write for brochure or contact your dealer.

Feather Craft, Inc.

410 BROADWAY IN NEW YORK, N.Y.
IN CANADA: FIRST REG. OFF. DEPT. 2
800-555-7027, POST 1811, OTTAWA

TAN
of the
VIRGIN
Islands

**ST. JOHNS
SUNTAN
LOTION**

54 W. 50th Street, 1st Fl.
New York, N.Y. 10019



THE SPORTING LOOK

CLAIRE AND

Architects of long-limbed
look, they win the first
Sportswear Design Awards

by JO AHERN

CLAIRE McCARDELL is to American women the leading prophet of the American look—the look of long, lean ease that makes them the best-dressed women on beach or field. As such, she has been a prophet heaped with honors. Last week, Miss McCARDELL was able to put another silver egg on the shelf of her Seventh Avenue office, where, for nearly a quarter century, she has been designing clothes for the firm of Townley Frocks.

In the plush pink and crystal surroundings of Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel, she was acclaimed the leading innovator of women's sport clothes in America, winner of the first American Sportswear Designers Award, determined by voting among 204 of the nation's top retailers. Sponsored by SI in recognition of the tremendous job the new American couture has done to make women as play lovers and more actively dressed than their 19th century forebears would have dreamed was possible, the award was accorded all the prestige of a Pulitzer Prize by the fashion world.

As if the acclaim was for a coast-to-coast look of classic simplicity, a junior award was also given, to the sportswear designer of greatest promise: Rudi Gernreich of California. In the five brief years during which he has designed sportswear for Walter Dill of Beverly Hills, Rudi has been hailed as a revolutionary and a genius. He, however, disclaims revolutionary ideas and says that he is "of the school of Claire McCARDELL."

Both Rudi and McCARDELL are the products of an evolution that has taken a millennium to move women from bear skin to bare skin. A high point of women's modesty in dress was reached in Queen Victoria's day. An standard bearer of ladies' fashions in her day, Victoria was immovable,



MCCARDELL AND GERNREICH POSSE

and the active female form seemed doomed to be lost forever in a sea of petticoats.

Since that time other standard bearers, no less ardent, have appeared in a battle for emancipation in dress. Amelia Bloomer campaigned in voluminous bloomers that 50 years later were adapted by girls for the fashionable sport of bicycling. Annette Kellerman, firmly devoted herself to her sailor-collared bathing dress and set world's swimming records in a form-fitting black suit. In the '20s Gibson Girl golf dresses gave way to the comely sweater and skirt worn by Glennie Collette, and the indomitable Helen Wills

RUDI



WITH HER KUP AFTER THE AWARD CEREMONY

made fashion history on the tennis court by wearing a short-skirted white dress that made waves for years.

As temperatures heat down, women's wear experts predicted a point when further save, crispier ensembles. Here to lay (they called) light-as-a-ship pleases, a whole generation took to short, business-shirting skirts.

Large were in fashion, the Super and bare, the latter, and as the '80s came on, Vogue seriously took up the question: "How much can you bare?" Motriffs hit out, barks plunged and a new era of bare-to-fashionably-shock-off menswear skin-as-possible arrived.

continued on next page



Clicks with camera fans, too!

Smile! Hold it! Get it! The trophy's on film, tucked safe and sound in a precision camera made of Alcoa® Aluminum. With good reason, too. Accuracy, strength and lightness call for aluminum. And lighter, sturdier camera equipment adds more fun to picture taking. Rough-and-tumble wear can't dim its bright finish, either. Get set now to film your vacation playdays with better camera equipment of Alcoa Aluminum.

Look for this Label on
Camera Equipment
**IT'S YOUR GUIDE TO THE BEST
IN ALUMINUM VALUE**



4th of 8 Playday Hints
More to come on next
right hand page!



DESIGNED BY
MARY JONES



5511: "DARK MEXICO" BATHING SUIT



5512: KICKERIN', THE FIRST SKIRT



How do you like 'em?

The chef likes 'em light and easy to handle. Naturally, that means Alcoa® Aluminum for outdoor grills and barbecues. Nothing could be more portable! Back-yard steaks or camp-site cookery, this lightweight grill is ready to roll. Takes weather in stride, too—aluminum can't peel, tarnish, chip or rust! Choose one of these good-looking, good-cooking all-aluminum grills from your favorite Alcoa "PLAYDAY, USA," sporting goods dealer.

Look for this Label on Grills
IT'S YOUR GUIDE TO THE BEST
IN ALUMINUM VALUE



5th of 5 Playday Hints
More to come on next
right hand page!





BASS WEEJUNS®

For summer style and comfort, Weejuns® get the vote. Classic design, fine leather, comfortable true moccasin construction. Only Bass makes Weejuns®, the original indoor-outdoor leisure shoe. Smart men wear them!

C. H. BASS & CO.
176 Main Street
Welles, Maine

© 1981 B&C

SPORTING LOOK

continued from page 81



LOUIS ROUSSEAU LIMITED BROOKLYN

Gentlemen: Here is SOCIAL SECURITY in action!

Old Spice
STICK DEODORANT

IN 3 SECONDS Old Spice Stick Deodorant gives you safe, sure protection all day. Quick. Clean, easy to apply—and melts in instantly!

100
plus tax

SEULTON New York • Toronto



GERNREICH GIMMICKS

Like Claire McCardell, Rudi Gernreich's struggle was to find someone to manufacture the clothes that he wanted to create. Since he was a child in Vienna, Rudi has known he would design clothes. An aunt, who operated a dress salon in Vienna, encouraged his talent and asked his advice even then. After he arrived in California at the age of 18, Rudi worked as a color consultant for a fabric house; soon he was making up clothes to show how the fabrics should be used. This was the first of several small "collections" that were never produced, but were all noted and reported by members of the fashion press and buyers.

When Rudi and Walter Bass produced their first collection for the resort season of 1961 and '62, people were ready to be startled and pleased. In the five years since, Rudi's "radical" silhouettes (see above) have become familiar. And last week, with his award, he also had a lifelong wish fulfilled: he met Claire McCardell.

JOHN

DAVE SIME

coach and team pilot (1)

after Sime had lost a release race, "I'm not an athlete by long odds!"

What happened next to Sime's setbacks was that Sime was released over 8.8 and he ran 9.4 six times before showing off that final touch of a second to equal the record. He broke the 120 and the hurdles record. He beat the famed young Texas sprinter, Bobby Morris, by a yard on a rain-soaked track at the Drake Relays (85, May 7). And now he must be considered the No. 1 candidate to sweep the 100 and 200 meters in the National Collegiate and AAU meets in California in June, the Olympic Trials at Los Angeles (June 24-28) and lead the way to Melbourne.

MUSCLES • MIND • MEDALS

All agree that Dave Sime is a marvelous young physiological specimen with superbly functioning muscles and nervous and bones. Even more fascinating to most mortals is the trail of determination and denial required to produce such a specimen in spikes. For underneath, like anyone else, Dave Sime is a complex human being.

In part, he is a normal, healthy college student who sometimes fails to study as hard as he should; a boy who dates and dances and admits to a mild mania for hip music, who likes to play a slightly delinquent trumpet in the sanctity of his dormitory room or hit a bumper of golf balls at the driving range. He eats a lot and sleeps a lot and sunbathes around the Duke campus dressed in a sweater and slacks and jeans. He grins back lazily at the hundreds who stop to chat or yell "Hi, Dave," in a way they did not do a year ago. And he is still amazed—and somewhat embarrassed—by the athletic fame. But he is also equipped with vast ambitions, a strange streak of self-harmness and a mind which can be startling in its depth.

Understanding Dave Sime means understanding his race and how to win and conquer its problems. The 100 may lack the wonderful tactics of the mile, but it is definitely not "just digging." It is a brief explosion of power under delicate, sophisticated control and there is no margin for error, there is no fourth lap or final turn in which to correct an earlier mistake. In Sime's own words, "You blink once and you guys go by you."

Dave has been handicapped by his talent the point where any race must begin. "He has wonderful reflexes and is very quick for a big man," says a Red

Lewis, "but the reach and power so valuable to him in the last 40 yards of a race remain a definite handicap in the first 40." So Sime still works hardest on his start. Some of those who saw him run indoors still think that his start is poor, but actually it is not only no longer weak, it is very good indeed. "He has never been a slow starter," Lewis points out, "only—on occasion—a late starter. Those occasions are rare."

The second part of the 100 is the acceleration period, which begins out about 15 yards from the blocks. "This, we think," says Chambers, "is the strongest part of Dave's race. At first we had to get him to come up smoothly from his low starting position into his normal running posture without too abrupt a change and a resultant loss in balance. At the same time he had to learn to complete a transfer from the hard, driving mechanics of the start to the relaxed stroke which is his natural way of running.

"It wasn't easy," the coach adds, "but now he does it better than anyone I've ever seen. His acceleration—right there—is what wins races."

Learning the remainder was less of a physical problem than a mental one. Sime was a natural sprinter with great speed; he only needed to learn how to use it. So Chambers and Lewis and Sime kept harping on relaxation

and balanced running until Dave discovered that what they said was so.

"I found out," he says, "that like a lot of runners I had more power than I could use; you let it get out of control and you wobble all over the track and tie up and run a poor race. And you get beat. So I worked on running with everything under control. I just tried to stay nice and loose and at the same time run as hard as I could. It sounds difficult, but it is really simple once you find it out for yourself. Actually it was the hardest lesson I had to learn—and once I learned, the easiest to do."

But even more than the ability to accept coaching, Sime had something else: a belief that despite everything he was born with and anything others could do to help him he must do the greatest part all by himself. And because of this, early in his freshman year, he began to experiment.

He went every track he could get to, sprinting. He talked to other runners and coaches. He tried running up the high concrete steps of Duke Stadium and, upon awakening the next day with sore, complaining muscles, decided that this was not only not bad but very good. If those muscles were sore, he hadn't been using them enough and this was the way to develop them. So he ran up the stadium steps some more. He put weights on his feet and, lying on his back, bunched furiously, always concentrating on keeping his feet and legs stretching in that perfect



TREMENDOUS LEG DRIVE off starting blocks and powerful leg action characterize Sime's start, one of the best parts of his race. For now, a lot remains coaching and practice.

plane which, to Dave, meant the post-
foot running stride.

He also lifted weights to build up
the muscles in his back and shoulders,
chest and arms. "All running is not in
the legs," he explains. "The arms sup-
ply lift and drive and give an imbalance.
They have to be strong, too." And
frequently, after the coaches ran him
away from the field to hear that over-
work might make him stale, he went
to his room and, strapping the weights
on his feet, leaned over against his bed
in the angle of a sprint start and jerked
his legs upward, striving to develop
even more the muscles needed to propel
him away quickly from the blocks.

"We finally took the weights away
from him," Red Lewis grins, "but we
couldn't move the furniture out of his
room. Now he goes up there and, for
exercise, lifts one end of his bed."

Dave had no intention of ignoring
authority, but he had to do what he
felt was right. "Once," he said, "when
they told me to take the afternoon off,
I went to my room and tried to rest.
But all I could see was Bobby Morrow
out there in Texas some place and he
was running, not resting. So I had to
get up and get to work, too."

At the Drake Relays he had a long
talk with Mel Patton, who helped him
solve one of his problems. "I discussed
during the outdoor season," Dave said,
"that sometimes when I was behind in
a race, I would try too hard to catch
up. I'd strain too much, forget to relax

continued on next page



Take it with you, hot or cold

The kids holler for homemade Pop wants streaming coffee?
Mum's answer: two featherweight picnic jugs made of Alcoa®
Aluminum. The picnic fare stays fresher, too, when pro-
tected by aluminum in this light and portable icebox. Easy
to carry, easy to care for. Solid aluminum won't rot, rust,
peel or tarnish—it's made for picnic fun. Better sporting
goods dealers are featuring aluminum picnic accessories
now. Stop in at the Alcoa "PLAYDAY, USA," display today!

Look for this Label on Picnic Accessories
IT'S YOUR GUIDE TO THE BEST
IN ALUMINUM VALUE



shown: the off-sprint. Just before, he's in the
glance. Make sure you're not a late race.



7th of 8 Playday Hints
More to come on next
right hand page!



But Samson was not content with a baseball scholarship, and he felt a deep sense of loyalty to Alce Parker. Parker's basic ball coach and the team was offered him a chance to go to school without expense in the first place. He also felt a sense of loyalty to his father and Chuck Samson's dream of two big leagues, one to himself and his plans to become a doctor with earnings he would someday make from this game he was not prepared to turn his back upon. So even after he had become the captain of the independent team, even after he had run a handful of 9-ids and beaten Morrow, he planned to split his time this spring between baseball and track.

THE FACTS OF COMPETITIVE LIFE

It was then that Chambers and Lewis took him aside and told him the facts of life about competition, on the level he would face this summer. They mentioned boys like Morrow and Dan Goolbsy and Lemmie Kemp and all the others who would be his way and have been called collectively the greatest group of sprinters ever developed in the world at one time.

"Do what you want, Dave," they said. "It's your decision. But remember that you don't give sprinters like that even the slightest advantage of training and still hope to beat them. Not even you can do that."

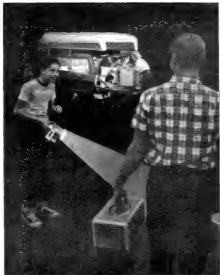
Dave was concerned, but he still felt he owed a debt to Parker.

"He wants to me," said Alce. "I had asked me what would I do in his place. Well, I hated the thought of losing him, even for one year, but I'd tell you what I told him. 'Dave,' I said, 'how many people do you think there are in the world?' He said, 'Several billion, I guess.' 'Well, Dave, how many do you think get to be champions?' I asked. He said, 'Several hundred, I guess.' 'Well, boy,' I told him, 'if I had a chance to be one in a million, I don't think it would take me long to decide.'"

So David William Stone was facing a substantial cross in baseball. It may be his last because he wants to be a doctor and he believes that with coaching and determination—and a lot of old-fashioned hard work—he can someday make the big leagues and pay his own way. By the same token, although still years away from his peak, he may never cross again seriously once down the white-lined trail toward that mythical mountain. But let he also knows that there is no money in track.

There is only glory. And maybe a couple of Olympic gold medals, but, obviously, some guys to around some guys to beat.

END



Light on the subject!

The spotlight's on aluminum these days, and no wonder. Flashlights and lanterns, always handy for vacation playdays, are better than ever, shrouded in light and lustrous Alcoa® Aluminum. Weighs ounces less, but more important, aluminum resists corrosive attacks, stays bright and clean inside and out. Brighten your summer with flashlights and lanterns made of aluminum, now featured at your local "PLAYDAY, USA," sporting goods dealer!

Look for this Label on
Flashlights and Lanterns
IT'S YOUR GUIDE TO THE BEST
IN ALUMINUM VALUE



See preceding 7 pages for
more Playday Hints!

THE PATTERSON-JACKSON FIGHT

continued from page 41

delivered a one-Hurricane-slapping job. In the second round Hurricane, tagged by a hard right, chased Chubby around the ring and, catching him, scored with five left jabs followed by three rights to the body.

His next opponent was Howie Turner, a formidable youngster of 205 pounds against Jackson's 185. (Hurricane should outweigh Patterson by about 16 pounds.) Howie knocked Hurricane down in the first round with a hard right high on the side of the head behind the ear. Hurricane got up immediately and there was a furious exchange in which Hurricane got much the worst of it. He got the worst of it in the second round, too, when he went into an awkward, swaying stomp, perhaps intended to portray a babbling, swaying style, and thereby got hit with hard rights and lefts.

Turner's clear superiority intensified Hurricane's sulky mood. While Binstein wiped the sweat-drenched Vaseline from his head, Hurricane ascended at his knee. Coming out of the gymnasium he saw a group waiting for him and turned abruptly away.

Up the tall post Risen's sheep-pen-climbed Hurricane, a tall, ungainly figure with the strong body of a man and the murky emotions of a wayward child. Binstein, a man of considerable years, tried to follow him but gave up. Hurricane disappeared into the woods and that was the last anyone saw of him for the afternoon.

The mood of Floyd Patterson is very different. He is self-contained, at ease and confident. He has shown so far no signs of peevish nerves. There is, after all, little reason for him to be nervous, he contends.



SERENE PATTERSON handles his left hand with a backhanded swing, much like Ray, once with the best watch sharpshooting after his defeat of Jackson.

buy PALM BEACH tailored sportswear at these and other fine stores

Atlanta	Donner Bros.
Baltimore	Ward's
Boston	George Fox
Buffalo	Platts Chambers
Chicago	Ward's
Cincinnati	Ward's
Cleveland	Ward's
Dallas	Ward's
Denver	Ward's
Detroit	Ward's
Houston	Ward's
Los Angeles	Ward's
Madison	Ward's
Memphis	Ward's
Minneapolis	Ward's
Miami	Ward's
Mobile	Ward's
New York	Ward's
Philadelphia	Ward's
Pittsburgh	Ward's
Portland	Ward's
San Francisco	Ward's
Seattle	Ward's
St. Louis	Ward's
St. Paul	Ward's
Washington	Ward's
Wichita	Ward's
Winnipeg	Ward's
Worcester	Ward's
Yonkers	Ward's
Atlanta	Donner Bros.
Baltimore	Ward's
Boston	George Fox
Buffalo	Platts Chambers
Chicago	Ward's
Cincinnati	Ward's
Cleveland	Ward's
Dallas	Ward's
Denver	Ward's
Detroit	Ward's
Houston	Ward's
Los Angeles	Ward's
Madison	Ward's
Memphis	Ward's
Minneapolis	Ward's
Miami	Ward's
Mobile	Ward's
New York	Ward's
Philadelphia	Ward's
Pittsburgh	Ward's
Portland	Ward's
San Francisco	Ward's
Seattle	Ward's
St. Louis	Ward's
St. Paul	Ward's
Washington	Ward's
Wichita	Ward's
Winnipeg	Ward's
Worcester	Ward's
Yonkers	Ward's

TAILORED SPORTSWEAR
by **Palm Beach**
CORPORATION



COMING CLASSIC: THE "PALM BEACH" GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Our cameraman took this picture of Gene Littler, Fred McLeod, and Peter Thomson at the Sherwood Country Club, Palm Springs. They're entered in the 12th Annual Golf Championship, sponsored by the Palm Beach Company.

Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle, N. Y., will host this year's classic, dated 6 to 16. Benefactor, as usual, will be a group of New York charities to which Palm Beach's donations all go.

Some former defending champ, faces the stiffest competition in the history of

the event. His challengers include Doug Ford, reigning PGA titleholder, Henry Cotton, England's No. 1 golf citizen, and Peter Thomson, British Open Champion.

The final round will be televised coast to coast over the Gillette "Cavalade of Sports" on Sunday, June 18, over NBC-TV, from 1:00 to 5:30 p.m. KPTV, PANAMA CITY: These men who make their living playing golf will be wearing the Palm Beach tailored sportswear. So will many of the spectators. For immediately

of our sportswear—suits, shirts, and neckties—visit our reference page on white Palm Beach Company, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

TAILORED SPORTSWEAR

"Palm Beach"
COMPANY

PRIVATE CLUB COLLECTIONS—No. II

UNIVERSITY CLUB

IN Washington, D. C., a brisk walking distance along 16th Street from the White House, stands the University Club, a venerable building which has long been a center for physical conditioning and social relaxation for members of government and prominent businessmen of the nation's capital. Founded in 1894 during the brassy Administration of Theodore Roosevelt, the club's first president was William Howard Taft, during the period when that sterling golfer served as Secretary



"THE MUTTON BREAKFAST" is a handsome room in the collection. Dedicated to the Master of Quorn Hounds, it shows pink-coated English aristocracy at breakfast.



"GREAT HUNT, THE. GREAT HUNT" was completed in 1911, and is a painting by Frederic Remond. It is one of the famous series of paintings by Frederic Remond.

"GREAT HUNT, THE. GREAT HUNT" was completed in 1911, and is a painting by Frederic Remond. It is one of the famous series of paintings by Frederic Remond.

BIGGEST ELEPHANT

(continued from page 21)

with the jeep at the edge of the jungle. Francisco and Kukuva lunged into the thicket like a couple of bloodhounds on the scent. They had orders to locate the beast and call us. Mario and I both thought that with seven heavy-caliber bullets in him, losing blood and winded from a hard six-mile run in terrific heat, our elephant could not last much longer.

We waited for 20 minutes, and there was no word from Francisco and Kukuva. Mario asked me if he could go in to look for them. I hesitated. I thought we should both go. I like to finish off my trophies myself. But I was at the end of my endurance, after having been on the go since 5 a.m. Mario, who is 20 years younger than I am, argued that if we did not finish him off quickly it would soon be too dark to follow him, and then we might lose him altogether.

I told Mario to go ahead. He disappeared like a cat into the jungle. Taking up a stand by the jeep facing the trees, I prepared to defend myself if the elephant should charge.

I waited a little over half an hour, growing ever more impatient but

knowing it would be folly for me to go into the jungle alone. This was probably the hardest part of the whole thing—the waiting. All of a sudden I heard a shot from the .418, followed by another, and then two more; altogether four shots in rapid-fire succession. Aftersward there was complete silence.

It did not surprise me that Mario had used four shots to finish off the beast. A fallen elephant can be one of the most dangerous animals in the world. There are many cases recorded in the history of big-game hunting when an elephant, knocked down and apparently dead, has suddenly got to his feet, or even, without rising has killed the unwary hunter with a convulsive sweep of his trunk.

MORE SHOTS BUT NO NEWS

I waited the arrival of one of the trackers with news. Instead, after about five minutes, I heard two more shots from the .418 and three from the smaller rifle. That surprised me, and I began to worry over having let Mario go in alone. I could hardly believe that the elephant, with six bullets of 400 grains each from the .418 and one 300-grain bullet from the .375 in him, had

(continued on next page)

Will the
**GREATEST
IMPROVEMENT
IN
GOLF CLUBS
IN 50 YEARS..**
*OBSOLETE
all other clubs!*



Turn this page and
JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

BIGGEST ELEPHANT

continued from page 23

needed six more from the big gun and three from the smaller one to finish him off.

Finally, Kukuya burst out of the jungle running and, as he got within gunshot, he gave voice to the brief but electrifying announcement:

"Fallen!"

A VAST EXPANSE OF ANIMAL

There the enormous elephant lay on his side, amidst the carnage of blood, broken trees and trampled brush that had marked his last struggles. When I let my eyes roam over his vast expanse I could hardly believe that any animal could be so big, and I understood why it had taken so many heavy-caliber bullets to finish him off. And when I got out my tape measure and stretched it to cover his huge dimensions, I knew that I had not been wrong: this was the biggest land animal ever brought down with a gun. But before giving the measurements, I must confess the shock we got when I put the tape across my elephant's foot and found that it measured, instead of the three feet of the space we had been following all day, only a little over two feet. The measurement was still a world record, but it was a foot short of the track size I had first noted a year before beside the lake. When we began to examine the body, we soon understood why: Besides the 18 bullets from our own rifles, we found a strange slug embedded in the left front leg. It was not a modern bullet, but a piece of iron shot, the kind used in old muzzle-loading flintlock rifles. It had crippled him in the left front leg, so that the step he took with that foot was shorter than normal. As the animal ran, the left hind foot partially superimposed its print over the front one—making it

look much bigger than it actually was.

That was the only measurement that failed to live up to expectations. Here are the dimensions, the accuracy of which are supported by an affidavit sworn to before the president of the Angola Game Commission and legalized by the U.S. consul in Luanda, the capital; where available, I have listed in parentheses the comparable measurements of Lawrence G. Thaw's world-record-setting elephant, taken from *Records of Big Game* (Howard Ward, London, 19th Edition, 1935):

Height: From ground to withers, 11 feet 2 inches. (Thaw's elephant: 12 feet 2 inches.)

Length: From trunk tip to tail tip in straight line, 27 feet 8½ inches; whole skin from trunk tip to tail tip, 33 feet 2 inches.

Length of feet: Front, 2 feet; rear, 2 feet 1½ inches. (Thaw's elephant: one foot 9 inches, which foot not specified.)

Circumference of feet: Front, 5 feet 7½ inches; rear 5 feet 2½ inches.

Circumference of body: At widest point, 12 feet 8 inches.

The herculean task of skinning the beast and loading the skin, the skull with tusks and the horns with front and rear legs, onto the power wagon for the long trip back to civilization was accomplished with difficulty and sweat, but with plenty of enthusiasm. The skin alone weighed over two tons.

All of these parts are now in my Madrid factory, which is fortunately large. My home is already crowded with trophies of all kinds—lion skins, elephant tusks and feet—but anyway, I do not think this elephant belongs in a private collection. I have decided to let a big museum have him. There, reconstructed by their experts, he can stand in all the awe and majesty he enjoyed in life—the biggest elephant ever shot by man.

ENR

NEW

"WOODS"

not made of wood!

"IRONS"

not made of iron!

**Live-Power Materials
Increase Yardage ...
Control Accuracy**

Diamatic clubs introduce new LIVE-POWER, with the use of new, high impact materials. **POW-E-CON**—for heads of woods... powers extra-yardage from every club, because most hitting power is delivered to ball. **FORUM** replaces ordinary steel in heads of irons... its 100% springs—don't rust. With Varium's extra strength, we have scientifically weighted the head for greater power impact... perfect timing and ball control.

Pow-E-Con and Varium make possible, for the first time, precision club making to match-maker's accuracy... providing greater accuracy... constant club-to-club feel throughout the Diamatic set. It is not possible for the finest custom-made clubs to maintain the built-in accuracy of DIAMATIC Clubs.



Moisture from dewy grass soaks the finest woods. It is absorbed and, after drying, distort shape of head and causes club face to go off-line. The finest clubs change shape and swing weight. Diamatic Pow-E-Con heads are impervious to moisture—the original, correct face angle and swing weight remains the same.



© 1964

DIATOMIC CLUBS

BY **Nadco**

Modern materials . . . methods . . . design

Extra Distance and Positive Accuracy
guaranteed in every club!

Now, in your Professional's shop, see . . .
just—more important—try the first clubs ever
made to positively minimize hooks and slices.
The first clubs made of materials that also
truly deliver plus-yardage from every club.
The first clubs, balanced in a dynamic new
way, permit you to use your natural, best
stance on every shot—with results that will
outstrip your greatest expectations.



Diatomic Clubs minimize hooks and slices

Hooks and slices often result from error in the
club itself! Is it not always you? Tests prove
the first directional ordinary woods often become
and, in several degrees (even when new), due to
truly disturbing manner.

One degree equals a 233 yd. shot off 10 feet!
Diatomic clubs eliminate this constant hazard . . .
are the only clubs that will not shrink, warp, or
lose change weight!

Nadco True-Face PUTTER

"The Putter with a Plug"

Introduces the first true flat face
surface . . . for amazing, stroke-
saving control! Perfect balance
and sight control. It plays on
center with ball. A worthy club-
mate in your Diatomic Set.



Nadco Sporting Goods Co.

1000 West North Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

THE ONLY CLUBS IN THE WORLD

Matched in Motion

For extra yardage and built-in accuracy, you get more exact
shots, because these clubs are "Matched in Motion" . . .
balanced for swing weight alone!

Send immediately through golf professionals

"Your Game Is Worthy
of the Very Best . . ."

SEND TODAY! for free,
colored booklet on com-
plete "Matched in Mo-
tion" story. Learn how
Diatomic clubs are made
to reduce your score.



Nadco Sporting Goods Company
3635 W. Touhy Ave., Chicago.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____



HERMAN LEONARD AT WORK HANE TOOLING ONE OF HIS FIRST STEEL-BAMBOO BODS WHICH SET THE STANDARD FOR THE WORLD

YESTERDAY

FATHER of the FLY ROD

by SPARSE GREY HACKLE



THE TRUE PURPOSE of a fly rod is to prevent its bearer from being arrested for vagrancy, for the delight of trout fishing is not the full creel but things seen and people met. A roughly dressed man idling with a rod in his hand is an angler; without it he is a vagabond.

And yet a fine fly rod is a magnificent thing, a strain of music made visible, a living part of the hand that holds it. Many an angler becomes so enchanted with the casting of a perfect rod that he resents interruption by trout.

The fly rod is, in fact, a sort of miracle. A typical Edooster contains only two-and-a-half-ton ounces of bamboo, but it can throw a fly 100 feet or kill a 30-pound salmon and after a quarter of a million casts still be a good rod.

The miracle is a modern one, for although fly rods of a sort are older than recorded history, the first that was anything more than a limber stick was made only about 75 years ago. Many men contributed to the development of the fly rod, but the man who took the last great steps in creating the fly rod that we know today was an American. He made the American fly rod the world's standard. And from the remote community of Bangor, Maine this American's name went round the world until it was recognized wherever flies were cast for trout. But only his name; even in his own country the man himself is almost unknown.

The man was Hiram L. Leonard, who not only achieved genius in several fields but was one of the most colorful and individualistic characters in the history of American angling.

He was born in Maine but grew up near Honesdale, Pa. By the time he was 20 he was "in charge of the machinery" of a coal mining company. Then he went to Bangor, Me., and was, successively, a taddermine, a gunsmith, a professional market hunter and fur trader, and a taxidermist again, before he took up rodmaking.

Henry David Thoreau met him in 1857, when he was a hunter, and described him in *Walden* as the *Wildeerness* as a handsome man of good height but not apparently robust, of gentlemanly address and faultless grooming (see

above). He was a spiritualist, a vegetarian who abhorred liquor and detested tobacco. He was a good musician, playing the flute and bass viol, and held the entertaining belief that a man could not make a good fishing rod unless he loved music and could play at least one instrument.

Leonard set foot on the path to fame when a Boston sporting-goods house, Bradford & Anthony, was so impressed with the workmanship of a wooden rod that he had made for his own use that they started him making split bamboo rods for them. This type was becoming popular and the firm was having trouble getting web-made rods.

That was in 1871, when Leonard was 40 years old. From the start, he had more work than he could handle, even though he soon hired Fred Thomas to help him and, subsequently, Ed Payne, Billy Edwards and two of his cousins, Hiram and Loman Hawes, whom he brought up from Honesdale. Incidentally, all of those names—Thomas, Payne, Edwards and Hawes—were given to famous brands of fine fly rods in after years.

Fly rods had been made of strips split from a stalk of bamboo, planned to a fit and glued together to form a rod joint, well over 100 years before Leonard ever saw one. But they were so badly designed and made that none of them could cast 70 feet, a distance to which a man can throw a line with his bare hand if he knows how. It was the nature of Leonard's art that he converted those old switches into the modern miracle through three subsidiary miracles of his own—engineering design, craftsmanship and a new secret material.

He was the first man to make, in 1871 or 1872, a six-strip rod instead of the four-strip construction previously used. Anyone who can calculate things like longitudinal shear and bent-beam stresses can prove by irrefutable mathematical principles that the six-strip rod of hexagonal cross-section is inherently the best. I can't. But it is.

Leonard was also the first to use compound tapers of calculated design. And what that amounts to is this: tapers

(continued on next page)

FLY ROD

Continued from page 72

are vital in implements that deliver a stroke—golf clubs, racing oars, polo mallets, horsehoofs and the like—because such implements increase their effectiveness by bending at the start of the stroke and straightening at the finish. Shaping the shaft with varying tapers at different points permits the force of the stroke to be controlled, limited and directed.

Leonard's second contribution was a perfection of workmanship never previously approached. He was a superb craftsman, with genius in his hands, and could make the good rods that he did, at the start, with simple hand tools. But he never could have kept up with his orders for such methods, even though he had hired and trained help. So he designed some tools of his own,

SECRECY OF THE BEVELER

Chief of the several machines which he invented was the "beveler," which Leonard had in use certainly in 1877 and probably in 1876. It cut the triangular, tapered strips six of which go into each section of a rod. It cut—and still cuts, for makers of Leonard, Thomas and Payne rods, and maybe others, still use the beveler unchanged today—the strip complete with all the varying compound tapers on its outer surface. The beveler produced glue-joints so closely fitted as to be invisible under a 10-power microscope and diameters accurate to within a few thousandths of an inch at any point on the rod.

In an age of industrial secrecy Leonard was notable for his secretiveness. He realized that he had the reedmaking world by the tail and took steps to maintain his hold. The beveler was always kept in a locked room and only he and his nephew, Bush Leonard, operated it. If Fred Thomas had not hung around and peeked until he found out how it worked, he and Payne and Edwards and Hawes would not have been able to make the rods that did when they quit the Leonard plant. To this day, according to my information, the beveler at the Leonard plant is kept in a locked room, and only one man knows how to run it.

Leonard was, if possible, even more secretive about his third contribution to the modern fly rod—the use of Tonkin cane as a reedmaking material.

Tonkin is misnomer, the bamboo used for fly rods today, is a thick-walled and heavyribbed cane found in China, which, weight for weight, is

unequalled for elasticity and resilience by any other material.

William Mitchell, a celebrated reed-maker of the Civil War period, stated in the '80s that he had made a rod of "Chinese cane" in 1868, but apparently it made no impression on him.

But Mrs. Hiram Hawes, H. L. Leonard's daughter, recalls that in 1877 Leonard's Hawes got hold of an umbrella, down in Bangor, that had bamboo ribs and knew that it must be something other than Calcutta, the Indian cane which up until that time was used for flyrods. Calcutta would not have stood such treatment. He and Leonard—or maybe just Leonard—found out that the stuff was Tonkin and located a source of supply (it has always been the monopoly of a few British dealers in Hong Kong).

With it Leonard's nephew, Bush increased the title-winning distance cast from 80 feet in 1882 to 102 feet in 1888. (Today's record: 134 feet.)

In 1877 Leonard lost control of his name and business by going into part-

nership with a Boston man named Kidder and forming the H. L. Leonard Rod Co., to which he gave the exclusive right to his name and services in a cast-iron contract. A year later Kidder sold out his interest to William Mills & Son of New York, who had recently become sole agents for the Leonard rod.

The Mills firm wanted Leonard closer to New York, so in 1881 he moved his plant to Central Valley, N.Y., where it still is. About 1886 there was a big all-round row of some sort, with the result that Leonard sold his interest in the H. L. Leonard Rod Co. to the Mills firm, and all his key workmen—Thomas, Payne, Edwards and the Hawes brothers—quit and started rod businesses of their own. Thereafter Leonard had little to do with the firm. He died in 1907 at the age of 78.

There is only one more thing to note about Leonard. He never taught anyone, even his own nephews, anything about the calculation of rod tapers. After his death there was no one in the

Florist



"Nothing substantial. They're just giving up the Hudson."

world for a good many years who could calculate the design of a fly rod as Leonard had, on an engineering basis. It took years of fumbling experiment, suggestions from customers and the imaginative thinking of a few advanced amateurs like the late Robert W. Crumpton of Minneapolis before the custom industry began making good rods again.

CUSTOM ROD COSTS \$100

It is probable that the total output of strictly first-class custom fly rods since Hiram L. Leonard made the first one is today not greatly in excess of 100,000 and that the current output is nearer 2,500 rods a year than 5,000. As to price, Leonard's first rods sold for \$45 in a time when workmen supported their families on \$1 a day. The price of a first-class custom trout rod today is from \$100 to \$150, depending on the maker.

And what of the future? Glass rods are the thing today, and they are marvellously practical although even the best falls far short of perfection. As a man who is considered a judge of rods told me recently:

"You can get from any sports shop for about \$7.50 a glass rod that is just as good as any of them except that it needs a few more guides. You can fish with it all day, bek the cows out of the hay and knock down a few apples and when you are through give it to the farm boy whose father let you fish and he will be in ecstasies. It wouldn't suit you or me, but it is a perfectly good rod for an awful lot of fishermen who don't know any better and don't want to."

It seems more likely that progress toward that exquisite, marvelous non-existent treasure, the perfect fly rod, will come from the experimentation of one or two present custom-rod makers like Garrison and Stener, who carry on the Leonard tradition.

Is it worth the agony? Yes, if there continues to be others like me. Logically, I should stick to a glass rod, since I am convinced that the intangibles which surround fishing are so much more important than the fishing itself. I can't cast well, and I can't tell a good rod from a bad one. Still and all, my wife and I have eight or 10 custom rods, including a Payne and four Garrisons that we would not part with. And I would cheerfully go to the loan sharks for money to pay \$100 apiece, or even more, for those Garrisons that I know of if the owners (none of whom fishes any longer) would change their minds and sell them. (E.N.R.)



Bravo! Bravo!

Created for REIS alone by
Cilla, Italy's gifted stylist

You'll have to wear your best BRAVO knit shirt by REIS to fully appreciate the comfort it gives you, the admiration it wins . . . the superb Continental styling.

- Fine, lightweight, two-ply knit.
- "Tailored" side vents patterned inside in, or outside of trousers.
- Fashion open collar.
- Solid colors: light blue, mint green, maize, navy, black, white.
- Removable and combinable: grey/white, black/white, maize/red.

1984



At fine shops everywhere . . . or write:
Robert Reis & Co.
180 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Here are **3** ways to enjoy
cool 'round-the-clock comfort!

JAYMAR

1-Slacks

2-Knock-A-Bouls

3-Bermuda Shorts

Known as the JAYMEER 3, this handsome collection is elegantly tailored of cool washable lin-weave — in preferred masculine colors and patterns. They'll do wonders for your wardrobe. Popularly priced.

Now at your favorite men's store — or write!

HODDER FACTORIES, INC.
Michigan City, Indiana

HOW COMES THE BELMONT?

Sir:

Even this not too discerning reader found the answer to Whiskey Tower's question (*Los Angeles Post-Newslet*, 28, May 21). By pointing out that the Preakness is 110 yards shorter than the Derby run and that Needles was trailing Pallas by one length 100 yards from the Derby finish line, Mr. Tower served up a nice, though cautious, bit of teasing.

Now comes the Belmont at a mile and a half. It is my confident prediction that this one will go to Needles in the tradition of Twenty Grand and Middleground. All three horses were winning Derby favorites, ran second in the Preakness but made (or will make) the Belmont distance handily.

What does Mr. Tower say?

FREDERICK R. LEONARD

San Fernando, Calif.

● See 21, June 18.—ED.

WHAT HAPPENED?

Sir:

I was surprised to see by your Triple Crown chart (21, May 21) that Johnstown, the great '89 Derby winner, failed in the Preakness. I have always believed he ran third. What happened in that race?

H. J. HILMSTADT

New York

● Johnstown, owned by William Woodward Sr., led the pack to the top of the stretch on a muddy track, then faded badly to come in next to last in a field of six. Chalfont was the winner, with Gilded Knight second. Said Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who in part judges a horse's greatness by his ability to win over any kind of track: "Johnstown came back tired, so I guess he can't run on a slow track."—ED.

GRACE FOR THE HORSE

Sir:

I think it is a pity that W. Smithson Broadhead chose to remove Mr. and Mrs. Woodward from his magnificent cartoon of

Nashua, Mr. Fitz and Eddie Avario (21, May 21). This seems in keeping with some of the silly talk that Nashua brought "bad luck" to the Woodward family. Mr. Woodward's devotion to and handling of Nashua is a shining chapter in the history of the turf and to me it seems a pity of tasteless hostility to treat him in this cavalier fashion.

C. C. WHEAT

Lexington, Ky.

CORVETTE AT CUMBERLAND

Sir:

IN CUMBERLAND CITY WRITERS, AL MAY (21) WAS DISAPPOINTED NOT TO MENTION THE IMPRESSIVE PERFORMANCE OF THE 1956 CORVETTE IN THE DERBY IN RACE TWO. CORVETTE POSSESSED THE LEADING HITCHHIKER POSITION FOR MOST OF THE RACE AND ACTUALLY LED THE RACE TWICE. THIS WAS THE FIRST START DEBIT FOR THE CAR. THE WINNING INTENTION OF THE CAR AGAINST ALL ODDS IN PROBABLY THE CLASSIC WAS DEMONSTRATED AND WORTHY OF THE REPUTATION OF CUMBERLAND.

J. KENNETH KNATE

Washington, D.C.

● The Corvette's winning potential should come as no surprise to 21's readers, who have followed the development and performance of this car from *Bring On the May Bait* (21, Jan. 16) to *Loudest and Lightest* (21, April 2)—21's report of the Corvette's fine performance at Sebring. 21 did not totally neglect the Corvette but the news this time (at Cumberland) was made by Jaguar and Porsche.—ED.

SPELLING ARE

Sir:

This is to inform you of the obvious misspelling in your May 21 issue of Frank (Tractor) Lane. Mr. and Mrs. Lane, find that Frank (Tractor) Lane would be more appropriate.

F. T. FLEMING

C. ALEXANDER

Wareham, Mass.

WHAT ARE THE REDBIRDS DOING?

Sir:

I was actually shocked when I read of the trade between the Phillies and the Cardinals in which Robin, Miller and Flanagan were exchanged for, of all people, Marty DiBono and Norm Wessner.

What are the Redbirds doing? Are they trading an old age club?

It surely seems that way, with DiBono, Sarkow, Kinder and Cooper. Any idea what they have up their sleeve?

L. E. HILL

Travis AFB, Calif.

● For Frank Lane's Meas see *The Grandy Game*, 21, May 28.—ED.

IF I WERE STERNO

Sir:

Your story about Don Petersen's great two-hit pitching stint against the New York Yankees (21, May 21) has given Don nothing but peace. It seems to me, however, that Don was quite lucky in reaching the ninth with a no-hitter and finishing the game with a shutout.

In the eighth inning Elston Howard worked a shot that almost landed in the seats, tying the game. If Elston had pulled the ball it would have been an easy home run. In the ninth Andy Carey led off with the Yankees' first base hit. Stengel sent up Billy Martin to hit for Bob Turley. In my point of view, he should have put Phil Rizzuto up to sacrifice. Then Hank Bauer's base hit might have scored Carey from second. If Bauer's hit were not enough, a sacrifice fly could have scored Andy.

JOHN S. DAY

Madison Falls, N. Y.

TIGER SALESMAN

Sir:

Your recent story about Al Kaline and Harvey Kuenn of the Detroit Tigers included the "pivot man" in the Tigers signing of Kaline. 21, May 14. At least that's what some Tigerscheviched Montreal Wommans, a Baltimore Evening Sun reporter, who was working as a columnist for the Tigers at the time of the signing.

Kaline needed no dictionary. His talent

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



cried for attention, telling the Tigers to him was a job on which Wilman was able to work the year around, since he was in such close contact with Kallie 12 months of the year.

JOAN BROOKE WHITE

Baltimore, Md.

■ Tiger officials say that Murray Wilman was indeed a big help.—ED.

IS EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE IN K.C.?

Sirs:

I am a baseball fan and enjoy your column on baseball immensely. In your May 21 issue you stated in X-RAY that Gus Zernald led the Kansas City Athletics in hitting with a mark of .398, but Euse (Country) Slaughter had a mark of .357. Ben Jackson

Kansas City, Mo.

■ As of May 12 Euse Slaughter had been at bat 43 times. It takes 60 times at bat to qualify for SI's X-RAY.—ED.

THE ROOKIES

Sirs:

I like your X-Ray of the major leagues, but I think I've spotted a mistake in it. For the rookies in the American League (May 21) you list the highest average as .228 for Rance Fleen of K.C., but as of Monday, May 14, Len Apolito of the White Sox is hitting .248, with 18 for 48. Jim Britner

Boston, Wis.

■ Mr. Britner is correct, see X-RAY, May 28.—ED.

THE NAMES AND MAKE-NOTS

Sirs:

... In pointing to McMillan and Philley as the worst home-run hitters in the nation (X-RAY, May 21) aren't you overlooking those players who have not hit any home runs? The two you listed as being worst had hit one each.

RAYMOND L. BORTON

Kirkwood, Mo.

■ To qualify for X-Ray's H-R department, a player must have hit at least one home run.—ED.

MELTING POT

Sirs:

You say Yale was pretty tough when Frank Merriwell played there—fictionally of course (E & D, May 5). No doubt the Eds would have been with Dick Merriwell also hanging around, just in case. It's been a long time, but didn't Frank play his wars at Harvard, and a few years ahead of Dick?

C. W. REISMILLER

Columbus, Ohio

■ Gilbert Patten, father of the Merriwell brothers, sent both his brainchildren to "democratic" Yale, because "Harvard and Princeton cater to the upper classes."—ED.

THE GOOD EARTH OF FLORIDA

Sirs:

Dr. Ralph Ferguson of Miami in his answer to Jimmy Zernald's query on the popularity of jai-alai (Horrors, May 21) makes

the statement, "Actually, Dade County, with the pari-mutuels, keeps Florida going." He should reconsider that statement. He is forgetting the jai-alai fronton in Tampa, the dog tracks in Tampa, St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Jacksonville, Daytona, Pensacola and others, plus the race track at Okeechobee. He also disregarded the citrus industry of central Florida.

Like many other residents of Dade County, my colleague is overlooking that long stretch of Florida to his north.

HAROLD L. WRIGHT, M.D.

Tampa

MR. HUTCHINSON . . .

Sirs:

SI is the best sports magazine I have ever read. My only gripe is its so-called cartoons like "Self-Getting Golf Bag" (SI, May 21). This stuff, if it's really considered suitable for publication, belongs in some comic book. That two-page spread could have been put to much better use.

Honestly, what do you think?

ROBERT R. HUTCHINSON

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

■ Honestly, we liked it.—ED.

... MEET MRS. GREYE

Sirs:

I read one of Howland Knott's Self-Getting Golf Bags for my husband—who handles every phase of the game magnificently, except the actual playing.

What a wonderfully funny drawing!

MISS HARRISON GARDER

San Francisco

THE POWER OF NEGATIVE THINKING

Sirs:

Paul O'Neill's article on John Landy (SI, May 21) was a sensitive, perceptive piece of writing. But Mr. O'Neill has overlooked one of the most amazing things about the agile athlete from the antipodes—he has accomplished more, with an inferiority complex, than any man in the history of sport! Think of what Landy might have done—and may still do—if he really had confidence!

KENNETH CHERRIES

New York

■ In the opinion of those who know Landy, the great miler does not suffer from an inferiority complex, but rather from the artist's eternal dissatisfaction with anything but perfection.—ED.

BAD NEWS FOR THE BROOKIE

Sirs:

I found your article on the brook trout (SI, May 14) very interesting, but you neglected a few good brookie flies. In the streamer line, Warden's Worry, Dark Ribbon Tiger, and the Black and White Bucktail are very productive. Additional flies are Quill Goshawk, Dark Deer Fly, Soft Green, Grimy King—and March Brown is also good.

Similar wet flies are also good, especially in June.

H. E. JONASSEN

Orono, Maine

■ The brook trout will strike at almost anything. In SI's article, The Brookie as Early American, Bob Elliott listed only his own favorites.—ED.

find Acrlan sportswear by M'GREGOR

at these fine stores:

Albino, Pa.	The Sportful Co.
Amarillo, Texas	Farley Stores Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.	A. L. Kieley
Atlanta, Ga.	Yates
Boston, Mass.	Kennedy's Inc.
Brown, N. Y.	Mac's Purchaser
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Mac's
Chicago, Ill.	Old Iron
Chicago, Ill.	Marcel Frenk
Chicago, Ill.	Leffert's
Clarksville, N. Va.	For Men
Cleveland, Ohio	St. H. H. Baker Co.
Corpus Christi, Texas	The Higher Co. Inc.
Dallas, Wash.	Lichtenstahl's
Dallas, Wash.	Arlo Moss Ward
Full River, Mass.	The Systems Co.
Galveston, N. M.	The Sport Shop Inc.
Galveston, Texas	Lensell-Miller Co. Inc.
High Park, Mass.	Kennedy's Inc.
Lakewood, Texas	Hampshire-Wells Co. Inc.
Lynn, Mass.	Kennedy's Inc.
Manchester, N. H.	Kennedy's Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Carr's
New Orleans, La.	Mayer Israel & Co. Inc.
New York, N. Y.	Mac's
Omaha, N. Y.	Paul Hudson
Philadelphia, Pa.	Griffel Bros. Inc.
Portland, Maine	Kennedy's Inc.
Providence, R. I.	Kennedy's Inc.
Rapid City, S. D.	L. P. Donahoe
Richmond, Va.	Wiley & Blum
Richmond, Va.	R. H. Hutchinson Co. Inc.
Salmon, Mass.	Kennedy's Inc.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Z. S. I.
Salt Springs, Texas	Ford's
San Antonio, Texas	Lind's of Texas
Springfield, Ill.	May's Bros. Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Mass.	Friedlander & Gilson Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Dinger Co.
Springfield, Mass.	Kennedy's Inc.
State College, Pa.	Jack Houser Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.	Jessie Vandenberg & Barney
Waco, Texas	The War's Shop
West Hartford, Conn.	Landy's of West Hartford
White Plains, N. Y.	Mac's White Plains
Winston Salem, N. C.	S. & M. Chisham Inc.

AQUADUCT BERMUDA SHIRT—sizes S, M, ML, L, XL, in India beige, green tea, mango, ginger, ancestral blue, white, teal green, ginseng. Fabric 100% Acrlan. Shirt about 14.

BERMUDA SLACKS—sizes 28-34 (including odd sizes), in India beige, dove grey, ancestral blue, navy, charger, teal brown. Fabric, a blend of Acrlan and other man-made fibers. Slacks about 14.

M'GREGOR-DONIGER INC.

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

PAT ON THE BACK

ARTHUR DALEY

Since the Pulitzer Prizes were inaugurated in 1917, only three sportswriters have won awards. The latest: Arthur Daley of *The New York Times* "for his outstanding coverage and commentary on the world of sports in his daily column 'Sports of the Times.' " For Daley, whose writings three times have been chosen by *SL* for its COLUMN OF THE WEEK award (Dec. 20, 1954; Jan. 17, 1955; April 25, 1955), the citation and \$1,000 check come in a formal accolade after 29 years of writing for the *Times*, 14 as a columnist. "I knew I'd been nominated for a prize," says Daley, "but I felt it was like being nominated for President on the Greenback ticket—nice, but no chance to win."



DICK YOUNG

Winner of the best magazine sports story award and a prize of \$250 in the 12th annual competition sponsored by E. P. Dutton & Co., book publishers, is the *New York Daily News*'s Dick Young. The story: Young's CONVERSATION PIECE with ex-Brooklyn Dodger Preacher Ros, *The Outboard Spillball Was My Money Pitch*, which appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (July 4, 1955). It is reprinted in Dutton's *Best Sports Stories—1955*, published last week. Young has been writing sports for the *Daily News* for 12 years, is in his 11th year of reporting Dodger activities.

For fun afloat, "Go First Class"
with MILLER HIGH LIFE

Ashore or afloat, make Miller High Life a part of your pleasure picture! Yes, when it comes to your own personal pleasure and enjoyment ... treat yourself to beer at its delicious best and "go first class" with Miller High Life ... the *Champagne of Bottle Beer!*



BREWED AND BOTTLED BY THE
MILLER BREWING COMPANY
ONLY ... AND ONLY IN
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

© Miller Brewing Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The National Champion of Quality

Straightaway style—white buck and black leather
super-charged with softness

the Pedwin
speedway

Ahead in style . . . moc plug of white buck sets pace for the deep black, smooth leather, smartly rolled at the edges. And for comfort, no lining. Also in black and wheat, black and maroon, black and julep green, ranch tan and palomino. Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

895

Other styles
\$89.95 to \$109.95
Hugoboss America, Inc.



pedwin
YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES

